LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1854.

OUTWARD BOUND.

BY THE EDITOR.

DEAR reader, had you seen the huge omnibus roll up to the door of the editor a few mornings since, at the unseasonable hour of 5 A. M., no doubt you would have suspected something was on foot. Well, a moment more, and we-not the "dear reader" and ourself, but "we," the editor-are off. This time we escape the plague of "fussy women" and the vision of "old gray-beard," and our Jehu reins up at the depot in a little more than no time. The levy of a "quarter" for omnibus fare is gathered, and, like a jailer, the collector stands in the door of our cage till he makes the double countfirst of quarters, then of noses. "One short," he exclaims, peering in upon us with a good-natured yet piercing look. A moment's pause ensues, but there is no response. The passengers look around pryingly at each other to discover the "Achan in the camp" who prevents our egress. Then some one "guesses" the driver is mistaken in his count of the "quarters." The tale of them is told once more, and again the exclamation, "One short," rings through our ears. Just then a slight rustle is observed. A little old man, with a sharp, hard visage, blood-shot eyes, and a prominent and fieryred proboscis, and who had been half concealed behind his more portly next neighbor, wriggles out his antiquated wallet, and with never a word supplies the lacking quarter. We are not certain that he observed the half-pitying and half-contemptuous smile of the passengers, nor yet that he had any sensibility of shame or consciousness of wrong; but we do suspect that the loss of that "quarter" operated very much like a special "Maine law" enactment upon his potations for the day.

We are off at last. As no wayside objects attract our special attention, let us open the "morning papers." Here our eye falls upon two items of unusual interest. The first is the announcement that the Supreme Court of the United States has decided the "Church suit" in favor of the Methodist Episcopal Church South; the second is that a Kentucky jury has returned a verdict of "not guilty"

VOL. XIV.-19

in the case of Matt. Ward, the murderer of the amiable and lamented Butler, of Louisville. The two cases are in unfortunate proximity in our paper; but we may not insinuate that they have any other points of coincidence than mere juxta-position. The Supreme Court will no doubt assign its "strong reasons" for its decision, and we and our readers will erelong see and read them, and form our opinions upon them. Posterity will also form theirs. Wait then a little. But in this latter case we have no language to express our deep and utter abhorrence of a deed so foul, perpetrated in the name of justice.

"In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice."

The wretch who perpetrated that murder is a doomed man. Wealth and fashion may scatter their blandishments around him, a Kentucky parson may vouch for his lamb-like virtues and be hopeful of his piety, Kentucky chivalry may volunteer its talent for his defense, and a Kentucky jury may say upon their solemn oath that he is not guilty of any crime, even though he stands before them with his hands all reeking with a brother's blood-such foul deeds are perpetrated in the sight of high heaven-but the voice of humanity will not be silenced, and its execrations will be heard and felt. The voice of God against the murderer, and the voice of conscience in his own breast can not be stifled. Abhorred by men, accursed of God, and blighted in his own conscience, we shall wonder if the days of his miserable life are not soon numbered. We rejoice for the honor of Louisville that public sentiment indignantly frowns alike upon this dark deed of murder and upon the fraud practiced in the name of justice; and thus throws off the foul blot that would otherwise tarnish her fair fame.

Over this subject we could not help feeling deeply, and it has made us grave—too grave for simple wayside jottings. To divert our attention and raise our spirits, let us chat a little about this "riding upon a rail." But here we have our chat all done up for us in poetry and furnished to our hand. So, gentle reader, let me introduce you to

John G. Saxe, whom we used to know somewhat, when he cracked his jokes, spun his yarns, perpetrated his puns, and distilled his golden verse—rather than his geometry—at a certain college we wot of:

"Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!

Men of different 'stations'
In the eye of Fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same.
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Traveling together!

Gentleman in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentleman at large,
Talking very small;
Gentleman in tights,
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentleman in gray,
Looking rather green.

Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers,
Now he snores amain,
Like the Seven Sleepers;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From 'Association!'

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks;
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby, Sitting vis-a-vis; Baby keeps a squalling, Woman looks at me; Asks about the distance, Says it's tiresome talking, Noises of the cars Are so very shocking!"

Well, here we are at Cleaveland. We persist in keeping in the a, notwithstanding the good citizens, in their go-aheaditiveness, have gotten into such a hurry that they have dropped it out, as it took so much longer to spell, write, and, for aught we know, to pronounce the word with that little supernumerary letter. But, alas for ourself! though not yet crowned with the coronal of age's honor, we somehow or other are rather old-fashioned, and can't, or won't, which is just as bad, keep up with the age. Just think of "the age" moving off from one after the fashion of a steamboat from a man standing upon the shore!

Well—this is the same well with which we commenced the former paragraph—here we are at

Cleaveland. We have made this detour in our "outward bound" voyage to serve at the dedication of a mission church, erected in connection with the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of this city. Just one year before the day of dedication, ground was broken "down under the hill" at the "Five Points" of Cleaveland. The missionary, assisted by one or two brethren and one or two sisters, organized a Sabbath school in a room that had been secured for that purpose. Moral and physical degradation, raggedness and filth, andworse than all, and the parent of all-Popery itself had to be encountered. But the work went on amid many discouragements, till one year of successful enterprise gives a summary of results as cheering to the heart of the Christian as it is honorable to the noble band of men and women who have devoted their time and energies to the work. A plain, commodious church edifice, with apartments for a home for the friendless and orphaned children in the basement, has been erected at an expense of nearly three thousand dollars, and is nearly paid for, some nine hundred dollars being raised on the day of dedication; and over two hundred children have been enrolled in the Sabbath school, and an average attendance of over one hundred and fifty secured, and most of these have been clothed by the hands and the charity of Christian women. Blessed be God! the time is returning when it may be said "the poor have the Gospel preached unto them." The home as well as foreign missionary spirit is kindling in the Church. May it be kindled in every place till the homes of the poor, the vicious, and the wretched every-where shall be sought out, and be blessed with the genial and purifying influences of Christian sympathy and love! Thanks to the noble Christian women of New York city who have set so noble an example of Christian effort! and thanks to the noble Christian women of Cleaveland who have so successfully illustrated that example!

Cleaveland, the "Forest City," is "beautiful for its situation." On a table-land elevated some eighty or ninety feet above the level of the lake, her expanse is broad; her streets wide and well shaded by thrifty trees; her buildings tasteful—not cramped and cribbed upon "six by nine" lots, but upon spacious lots, and surrounded by shrubbery and fruit-trees. Stormy and unpleasant as was the weather during our stay, we left with the most delightful impressions concerning the place.

Our work done at Cleaveland, the next day found us in motion. Now, gentle reader, as we conceive that it concerns you but very little how we traveled, how long we were about it, whether we had any trouble with our baggage, what we eat or did not eat, whom or what we saw by the way, we will just imagine ourselves to have taken one long slide of five hundred miles upon the rail, and reached a second pause in our peregrinations. Washington, the capital of our country, "the city of magnificent distances," is now before us. Before

we commence our survey, we must, to guard ourselves against disappointment, call to mind a fact which has much to do with its appearance as a city, the character of its private dwellings, stores, etc. This, then, is the political, and not the commercial center of our country. Where commerce centers wealth accumulates, splendid palaces arise, works of art multiply, and private munificence abounds. Politics, generally, is a "losing game," so far as finances are concerned; and the presence of politicians is decidedly more potent to enlarge the business of hotels than to develop the resources or beautify the dwellings of a city. The reader must not then be surprised if he finds not a single private residence or street in the city worth, aside from its associations, a moment's notice.

Long before it had become the seat of civilization, the savage tribes were accustomed to hold their councils, build their fires, smoke the pipe of peace, or whet the tomahawk of war upon this very ground. As early as 1663 civilization had constructed here one of her "paper cities," and dignified it with the appellation of Rome. The little stream also which flows at the foot of Capitol Hill, received the classical name of the Tiber. Whether it still bears that name we are unable to say. The city was made the seat of the government in 1800,

if our recollection serves us.

As already intimated, there is but little in Washington to attract the attention of the traveler, except the public buildings. We are unpatriotic enough to suspect that neither taste nor public economy and convenience had much to do with their location. They are widely scattered, and some of them illy located. From a hasty and distant view, we supposed most of them were built of white marble; but on closer inspection, we found the material used in their construction was an inferior kind of sandstone found in the vicinity. Indeed, we learned that this stone is utterly incapable of resisting the action of the atmosphere, and that constant patching and painting are necessary to keep the walls in order. This is but a fair illustration of the incessant patching and renovation to which political creeds and platforms are subject. In reference to the Smithsonian Institute, we were almost led to infer that the problem proposed by the architect was something like the following: To expend the greatest amount of money in producing the least possible space applicable to any practical ends. We shall perhaps gain little credit with our readers when we confess that among the "lions" of Washington, personal or material, none other impressed us so profoundly as the sublime equestrian statue of Jackson. Its immortal original is not here; he is no longer found among living men. He that never shrunk from responsibility, or quailed before opposition or danger, when conscious duty bade him go forward, has yielded to the final summons. Adams, "the old man eloquent," the scholar, the patriot, the philanthropist, is no longer here; he has seen "the last of earth." Webster, and Clay,

and Calhoun, those men of peerless intellects, have passed away. As, in imagination, we run back through the lapse of thirty or forty years, we could not help exclaiming, "There were giants in those days!" We looked upon the men before us, occupying seats in the senate, in the house; we picked them out, one by one, studied their character, gauged their powers and capacities; and though some great and noble men were before us, we could not but feel that our ideal of "the assembled wisdom of the nation" was vastly lowered. But we must take an abrupt departure, and leave the filling up of our notes upon the public buildings and public men in Washington to another paper, if, indeed, we do not conclude to suppress them altogether.

Having exhausted the time we could spare at Washington, we took our journey northward. Our stay in the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia was too brief for much observation, so we pass on to Trenton. This is the capital of New Jersey. It is situated on the east bank of the Delaware, about thirty miles from Philadelphia and sixty from New York, with which cities it is connected by railroad and canal. It has a population of about 18,000, is largely engaged in the manufacturing business, and every-where exhibits indications of thrift and a capacity for large development. Trenton is memorable in the annals of the American Revolution. Here were fought two battles that decided the fate of the war. The first occurred on the 26th of December, 1776; the second on the 2d of January, 1777. A small river, called Assanpink-the Indian name for rocky-runs through the heart of the city and empties into the Delaware. A few minutes ago we stood upon the old bridge that crosses this stream, and meditated upon the scenes that had transpired on either bank of the little stream rushing along beneath our feet. The gloom that shrouded the prospect of American liberty in the early part of the winter of 1776, the perilous retreat of Washington through "the Jerseys," with his starved and almost naked army, are well known. Already had he sought refuge from a flushed and vaunting foe by crossing the Delaware. Along the eastern bank of that river, at different points, portions of that victorious army were placed, flushed with victory and confident of success. One detachment of fifteen hundred Hessians and a troop of British light-horse was quartered in Trenton, near the left bank of this stream, and but a few rods from the very spot where we stood. Washington's plan of attack upon them was admirably conceived. Two divisions of the army, then reduced to some two or three thousand, were to cross the river-one below, the other above, and thus meet at the encampment of the enemy. It was on the night of December 25th that the desperate effort was made. The night was sleety and cold, the river was filled with floating ice and almost impassable, the roads were sheeted with ice and slippery, the men were poorly clad, and some of them without shoes and covered only with rags. What will not men endure

for freedom! The whole night was consumed in the passage of the river and in the march, so that the town was not reached till after the dawn of day. When nearly in the face of the enemy, the discovery was made that the ammunition of one of the divisions was wet, and the officer sent to Washington to know what he should do. "Advance with fixed bayonets," was the laconic reply. The surprise of the enemy was complete. Over nine hundred prisoners were taken, and between thirty and forty were killed. On that very day Washington, with his army and prisoners, recrossed the Delaware to a place of safety; so that on the following day, when the British came to Trenton in pursuit, he was not to be found.

In a few days Washington returned and took possession of Trenton-the spirits of his army being revived and some new recruits having strengthened his force. He encamped on the elevated ground on the right bank of the Assanpink. On the 2d of January the British appeared with a force of four to five thousand. Marching up in solid column, they attempted to cross the bridge then occupying the very site of that upon which we stood, but were repulsed. Again they attempted it, but the artillery of Washington opened upon them with destructive effect, and they are thrown into disorder and fall back. Once more they rally and crowd upon the bridge, and once more the engines of death mow them down. No less than one hundred and fifty were lying dead as the result of these three efforts, and the enemy found it necessary to desist from further effort for the night.* Night

now came on, and Washington ordered the camp fires to be kindled and fuel provided to keep them alive during the night. But when all was quiet, he silently drew off his army; marching up on the right bank of the creek, for a mile or so, and then crossing he gained the rear of the enemy, and made a forced march to Princeton. In the morning, as the main army at Trenton were in a wonder as to his whereabouts, the sudden firing at Princeton revealed to them the master stroke of generalship. Such are some of the scenes that have been enacted on and around the very spot where we just now stood. The hill where Washington's forces were planted is now being leveled and covered with dwellings; and all the localities of these memorable events have been so changed that not a single vestige remains as it was. The tranquillity of domestic life and the din of business have succeeded the clamor of war.

* As lately as November 4, 1842, the following account of this battle was taken down as related by an eye-witness. It is worthy of preservation. "When the army under Washington, in the year 1776, retreated over the Delaware, I was with them. At that time there remained in Jersey only a small company of riflemen, hiding themselves between New Brunswick and Princeton. Doubtless when Washington reached the Pennsylvania side of the river, he expected to be so reinforced as to enable him effectually to prevent the British from reaching Philadelphia. But in this he was disappointed. Finding that he must achieve victory with the men he had, and so restore confidence to his countrymen, it was then that the daring plan was laid to recross the river, break the enemy's line of communication, threaten their depot at New Brunswick, and thus prevent their advancing to Philadelphia, which was only delayed till the river should be bridged by the ice. But Washington anticipated them. I was not with the troops who crossed to the capture of the Hessians. It was in the midst of a December storm that I helped to re-establish the troops and prisoners upon the Pennsylvania shore. The weather cleared cold, and in a few days we crossed the ice to Trenton. Shortly afterward a thaw commenced, which rendered the river impassable, and, consequently, the situation of the army extremely critical.

"On the morning of the day on which the battle of the Assanpink was fought, I, with several others, was detached under the command of Captain Longstreet, with orders to collect as many men as we could in the country between Princeton, Cranberry, and Rhode Hall, and then unite ourselves with the company of riffemen who had remained in that neighborhood. We left Trenton by the nearest road to Princeton, and advanced nearly to the Shabbaconk—a small brook near Trenton—when we were met by a little negro on horseback, galloping down the hill, who called to us that the British army was before us. One of our party ran a little way up the hill and jumped upon the

fence, from whence he beheld the British army within less than half a mile of us. And now commenced a race for Trenton. We fortunately escaped capture; yet the enemy was so near that before we crossed the bridge over the Assanpink, some of our troops on the Trenton side of the creek, with a field piece, motioned us to get out of the street while they fired at the British at the upper end of it. Not being on duty, we had nothing to do but to choose our position and view the battle, Washington's army was drawn up on the south bank of the Assanpink, with its left upon the Delaware river, and its right extending a considerable way up the mill-pond, along the face of the hill where the factories now stand. The troops were placed one above another, so that they appeared to cover the whole slope, from bottom to top, which brought a great many muskets within shot of the bridge. Within seventy or eighty yards of the bridge, and directly in front of, and in the road, as many pieces of artillery were stationed as could be managed. We took our station on the high ground behind the right, where we had a fair view of our line as far as the curve of the hill would permit, the bridge and street beyond being in full view. The British did not delay the attack. They were formed in two columns, the one marching down Green-street to carry the bridge, and the other down Main-street to ford the creek, near where the lower bridge now stands. From the nature of the ground, and being on the left, this attack-simultaneous with the one on the bridge-I was not able to see. It was repelled; and eye-witnesses say that the creek was nearly filled with their dead. The other column moved slowly down the street, with their choicest troops in front. When within about sixty yards of the bridge, they raised a shout and rushed to the charge. It was then that our men poured upon them, from artillery and musketry, a shower of bullets, under which, however, they continued to advance, though their speed was diminished; and as the column reached the bridge, it moved slower and slowertill the head of it was pressed nearly over, when our fire be, came so destructive that they broke their ranks and fled. It was then that our army raised a shout, and such a shout I have never since heard, by what signal or word of command I know not. The line was more than a mile in length, and from the nature of the ground the extremes were not in sight of each other, yet they shouted as one man. The British column halted instantly, the officers restored the ranks, and again they rushed to the bridge, and again was the shower of bullets poured upon them with redoubled fury. This time the column broke before it reached the center of the bridge, and their retreat was again followed by the same hearty shout from our line. They returned the third time to the charge, but it was in vain. We shouted after them again, but they had enough of it. It is strange that no account of the loss of the English was ever published; but from what I saw it must have been very

"JOINED THE CHURCH."

BY MRS. HARRIET N. BABS.

"No, no, it can't be true!"

"I tell you it is, though!"

"I can't believe it; you must be mistaken!"

"As if I could be mistaken when her own cousin told me so!"

"Well, I shan't believe it till I hear it from her own lips."

"Nor I!" "Nor I!"

Such was the conversation I overheard as I entered a parlor where some half dozen of my young friends were assembled. "What is that you all find so difficult to take down? What great story have you been telling them, Sallie?"

"No story, only they say it is true that Maria

Mann has joined the Church!"

"Maria Mann! I'd as soon have expected to hear that I had joined it. How changed she must be! But, fudge! it can't be so!"

"I hope it is not; for she was the life and soul of our circle. When we were just ready to die of ennui, what nice sport she would get up to revive us! I never saw any one with such talents in that line."

"Nor I. Do you remember the trick she played on Mr. T.?"

"Yes; and how demurely innocent she was of all knowledge of the affair! I thought I should have killed myself laughing at her air of surprise when accused of it."

"And with what flying colors she came off in that affair about the valentine with Mr. C., making him beg her pardon for having done her such injustice as to have suspected her, for an instant, of being concerned in it!"

"If she has joined the Church, there are no more such rich scenes for us. And she had so much taste about helping us prepare for a party; but we shall not dare to name the word 'party' to her now."

"O no! I suppose she will go about now with a face so long that we shall be in danger of treading on it, if we go near her."

"It would not be right, I suppose, to hope, as Anna did, 'that it is not true;' but I do know that, if it is, we have lost the most agreeable girl from 'our set.'"

The next day we were out walking; and seeing Maria coming toward us, instead of running to meet her as we would once have done, we hung back, thinking "perhaps she has joined the Church," and half wishing we could avoid the meeting altogether. But, as soon as she saw us, she quickened her steps, and, with a bright smile of welcome, inquired how each one of us was, and urged us to visit her very soon. After chatting about ten minutes, we left her with the conviction that she had not joined the Church, because she seemed just as affectionate and happy, if any thing happier, than

ever. "And, of course," we said, "if she had become religious and joined the Church, she would not have looked so smiling, nor would she have parted from us without reproving us for our world-liness, and telling us how much more saintly she had become!" So we went home, fully convinced that Maria was still as "far from the kingdom of heaven" as we were; and with no little satisfaction did I inform my good aunt Katy that the report we had heard on the previous day was untrue.

"I am very sorry to hear that, my child," said aunt Katy, who had a great way of calling us all children. "Are you very sure that it is so?"

"O yes, positive. I met her to-day, and she seemed as light hearted and gay as a bird."

"Did she look happier than usual?"

"Yes, I think she did; we all thought there was a remarkably happy expression on her face, and that we had never seen her look so pretty."

"Then you may depend upon it, my dear, that she has joined the Church; for nothing can make a person so happy as passing through the change which is necessary before coming out from the world and publicly uniting with God's people."

"But, aunt Katy, Church members don't look so happy. I think they are the most gloomy people in the world, with their long faces and their constant talk about death and judgment."

"Do I wear such a long face?"

"O no, auntie dear, you have the sweetest smile in the world; but, then, no one else is as good as you."

"Flatterer!" said she, releasing herself from my hearty kiss, and smoothing down her cap-strings, "there are far more consistent Christians in our Church than I am. But you must go and see Maria soon, and then you will find out whether her happy face was the consequence of a changed heart or not."

Half dreading, yet wishing to hear the truth, I resolved to visit her; but afraid of encountering alone one whom they said "had joined the Church," I persuaded two or three of our most intimate friends to go with me.

"Now for a lecture on our sins!" exclaimed one of the girls as we drew near the house; and while waiting in the parlor we were trying to prepare for "something solemn," when Maria's light step was heard coming down stairs. She entered with a beaming smile, and, kissing each one of us affectionately, insisted upon our taking off our bonnets, and spending the afternoon with her. This was so like old times that significant glances passed between us, saying, "You see it was a mistake." Maria seated herself on a low ottoman in the midst of us; and bringing out a pair of slippers she was embroidering for her father, and which she said she was afraid she should not be able to finish before his birthday, as she could only work at them when he was out of the house, chatted away so gayly, ever and anon asking us questions about what we had been doing since we met last, that

we were more than ever convinced she was still "one of us."

Soon the conversation turned upon a party that was to be given the next Thursday evening; and one of the girls remarking that she wished to make a bertha cape against the occasion, but did not know how to go to work at it, and the dressmakers were all too busy even to show her, Maria exclaimed, "O, bring it here, and I will help you with it; you know I made mine."

"Thank you; but will you have time?"

"Yes, plenty of it; be sure and come. By the way, if you go," she said, turning to me, "you must have your hair dressed in the way you wore it at Ole Bull's concert; it was so becoming to you."

"But I can't fix it in that way."

"Well, if you will trust to my skill, I will come

round and arrange it for you."

"I should be delighted if you would take that trouble; but it would be imposing too much upon your good-nature, and probably you would not have time."

"O yes, if I may come and do it by six o'clock."
"At any hour most convenient to yourself. You

are going to the party, are you not?"

"No, I do not think I shall," she replied, gently; "it is the evening for our weekly lecture, and I do not like to miss it. I enjoy meetings so much more now than I used to."

"Do you?"

"Yes, had you not heard"-

"Heard what?"

"That I have united with the Church?"

"Yes, we did hear such a report; but when we saw you looking so happy the other day we thought it was all a mistake."

The tears stood in her gentle eyes when she heard this, but a sweet smile played around her mouth. "If I did look happy," she said, "it was because I felt so. As gay as I have always seemed, I find that I never knew any thing about true happiness till within a few weeks. I have ever since childhood had a dread on my mind of dying suddenly, before I was prepared for it; and always a sense of guilt has been resting upon me to think that I was one of those 'who knew their duty, but did it not.' I dare say you all know that feeling; and I only wish I could make you feel how happy I am now since I have cast all my burden of guilt upon the Savior! He has loved me with an everlasting love; and I have only now to look up to him and trust him, and every thing seems like sunshine about me. When I feel a little gloomyyou know what turns of depression I used to have-I find that it is because I have got away from my Savior; and as soon as I go back to him in prayer, and take a strong hold of his promises, I am so happy that I feel as if I wanted to tell every one what a dear Friend he is. But I am afraid you will think me dull, talking so much about my own feelings. I used to think once that religion was the most gloomy subject in the world; but how different it seems now!"

"Do come very soon again," said Maria, at parting; "I have enjoyed your visit so much."

"We were afraid you would not care about us any more," we said.

"Not care about you! You are dearer to me than ever," was her reply, and her face said that she was sincere.

"Well, aunt Katy, I have seen one happy Christian," I exclaimed that night.

"Dear child, you have seen many of them, though they may not have shown it as plainly as Maria does. She is a new convert, and is tasting the sweets of her 'first love,' which has not had time to cool yet."

"Will it grow cool?"

"I trust not. It may increase instead of diminishing, if she continues to live near to a throne of grace, and then she will be most happy."

"Then it was because their love had grown cold that I thought Christians so gloomy, was it?"

"Some of the Christians you have known may have been in that state; but others have had trials which left a mark of suffering on their faces. Think how much more unhappy these would have been had they had no religion to sustain them!"

"But, aunt, could not Christians do more good if they were cheerful like Maria? Why, seeing her so happy, made us all feel like becoming re-

ligious."

"Undoubtedly they would have more influence over the young; and if they were to enter into their feelings more than they do, they might oftener win souls to Christ."

"Well, when I become a Christian, and join the Church, I mean to be cheerful and obliging like Maria, and let people see that I am happy."

"I trust you will, my child," said aunt Katy, with a sigh, "and that it may not be long before you are tasting of 'that peace which passeth un-

derstanding."

It was often remarked that Maria's having joined the Church had exerted such a good influence upon her young associates, and that more than one of them had, through her example, been induced to 'go and do likewise.' But I believe it was the joyous face she wore, the sympathy she still manifested for us, and the obliging way in which she aided us in any emergency that won us over. She thus retained her former influence over us, and was enabled to show us that religion really added to her happiness. To this day I can not divest myself of the feeling that it is wrong for a Christian to wear a gloomy face.

THE footprint of the savage traced in the sand is sufficient to attest the presence of man to the Atheist who will not recognize God, whose hand is impressed upon the entire universe.

WOMEN IN THE BRITISH MINES.

BY REV. T. M. EDDY.

Woman's rights—New aljustment—Coal region—Mines—Seams
—Females down there—Eothentota—"Do the heavy work"—Collier people—Sore work—No alternative—Begins in childhood— Harness—Hurry and push—Drams—Creel—A child's Journey— Comes the end—Physical—Mental—Moral results—Parliamentary action—Humanity manis—The law—Dead letter—Eleventh commandment.

The rights and prerogatives of woman are undergoing discussion in all the literature of the times to an extent hitherto unknown. Demands most unreasonable and unphilosophical are urged on one hand, and reasonable ones denied on the other. Perhaps the via media will be discovered, and in accordance with the legislative fashion of the times, the controversy will be settled by a "compromise," and The Union preserved. But there is needed an adjustment of the industrial avocations of the sexes, that the honor, the safety, the bread, the freedom of each

may be sacredly guarded.

This is not so in America. The thousands of half-starving seamstresses in our cities give a painful emphasis to this declaration. But bad as is the condition of female labor in our country, it is worse in Europe. The sympathy manifested by English ladies in behalf of American slaves is all proper enough; but perhaps if they will look among their sisters at home, suffering even under the "auspices of magna charta, they will find, to say the very least, an enlargement of the field of sympathy. Should the eyes of any such fall upon these pages, we ask them to take a walk among British mines, and to see how British females live and have a being. The authorities for the facts of the article are British, and are mainly from the report made by the Parliamentary commissioners of 1840.

The coal and iron mines of the United Kingdom form the principal part of mining enterprise. coal formations are dispersed through the middle, northern, and western portions of south Britain. There is a wide layer traversing the center of Scotland, from the shores of Ayreshire to the Frith of Forth. There are some coal seams in Ireland, but they are reckoned as small potatoes. That a proper idea may be had of the work of miners, some explanation must be given in advance. The coal-beds are interlaid with strata of grit-stone and shale, and, in some districts, of iron-stone. In the broken regions the coal is reached by vertical shafts, or "wells;" from the bottom of these extend horizontal roadways, long, dark, and narrow, through the coal strata, and by these, all that is hewn out by the "getters," is brought to the "pit's eye"-the bottom of the shaft-and is wound up to the "upper regions." Ordinarily there is more than one shaft in a mine; but where the deposits lie so deep as to make the sinking of a shaft a matter of serious outlay, a single large one is made. This is divided by wooden partitions. There must always be one channel called the "downcast pit," for the

air to descend; another called the "upcast pit," for the return draught. The machinery for lowering and ascending is usually in the "upcast," and is sometimes a steam engine, sometimes a horse power, and sometimes a hand crank. The seams of coal vary in thickness from several yards, as in south Staffordshire, to eighteen and twenty inches. Where they are several feet thick, the horizontal roadways are high enough for men to stand erect and quarry the coals, and for horses, mules, or donkeys to draw them to the pit's mouth. Where they are only a few inches in hight, they can only be worked by children, and, in some instances, they must be in a stooping posture continually. These mines are dark, damp, and foul. Ventilation is extremely difficult, and new hands can be employed cheaper than new shafts can be sunk. In many instances the pits are very wet, and the hands work in water over knee deep.

"But surely females don't go away down those deep shafts and work in those horrid dirty pits, among coals and rocks, and standing in water?"

Why, yes, you delicate, nervous creature, they do. They dig coal; they draw cars or tubs of coal to which they are harnessed. Work in the mines? Ay, indeed, the mother and her daughters—they work among men rough as Hottentots, and almost, sometimes quite, as naked. Yes, woman, burying every feeling of refinement, of delicacy, of womanhood, clad often in but a single ragged garment, toils there for bread. There are some facts in the testimony on hand which may not be written, but

may be readily imagined.

What do they do? Take the following testimony. "Margaret Boxter, fifty years old, coal-hewer. I hew the coal; have done so since my husband failed in his health; he has been off work twelve years. I have a son, daughter, and niece working with me below; we have sore work to get maintenance. I go down early to hew the coal for my girls; my son hews also. The work is not fit for women, and men could prevent it were they to labor more regularly. Indeed, men about this place don't want wives to work in the mines, but the masters seem to encourage it." Why did not the masters interfere? Why did they encourage it? Another witness gives us an answer. "They know that we [women] will do work that the men won't."

The capability of females to endure fatigue seems duly estimated by the masters (?) of the mines, as

the following will prove:

"Hannah Bowen—windlass woman—aged sixteen years. I have been down two years; work from seven in the morning till three or four in the afternoon at hauling the windlass. Can draw up four hundred loads, [a day,] varying from one hundred and fifty weight to four hundred weight each."

Ann Thomas, same age and work. "Finds the work very hard; two women always work the windlass below ground. We wind up eight hundred loads [a day.] Men do not like the winding. It is too hard work for them."

This is not the only department of female labor, nor is it the most severe—surely not half so debasing as some others.

Mr. William Hunter was brought before the commissioners. He was the "mining oversman" of Armiston colliery. He had been twenty years in the employment of Mr. Robert Dundas, and had "much experience" in regard to "the collier people." How does he speak of the condition of women in the mines of Britain? It is thus: "Till the last eight months, women and lasses were wrought below in these works, when the manager issued an order forbidding their going below. Women always did the lifting or heavy part of the work; and neither they nor the children were treated like human beings, nor are they where they are employed. Females submit to labor in places which no man, or even lad could be got to labor in; they work in bad roads, up to their knees in water, in a position nearly double; they are below till the last hour of pregnancy; their limbs and ankles swell, and they are prematurely brought to the grave, or, what is worse, a lingering existence."

Robert Bald, Esq., an eminent coal engineer and viewer, says: "In surveying in the workings of an extensive colliery under ground, a married woman came forward groaning under an excessive weight of coals, trembling in every nerve and almost unable to keep her knees from sinking under her. On coming up she said, 'O, sir, this is sore, sore work. I wish to God the first woman who tried to bear coals had broke her back, and none would have tried it again.'"

What a condition for a woman! Is she more than a very slave, when such toil, such servile drudgery is exacted of her? But it may be replied, they did this voluntarily; they were under no compulsion. What else could they have done? It was delve in the mine-bear the heavy burden upon the breaking back-work among savage men, rude and unclad-work in the damp road-wind away at the windlass-or endure absolute privation. Many of them were born colliers. Their childhood was spent among seams and shafts. They had no other trade. They could not sew, and if they could, the thousands of destitute needle women, with aching fingers and hearts which ached still more, were eagerly asking for work, even at starvation wages. Could they go to service? What would have been the bread made by hands which had been, from childhood, picking "coals at New Castle?" Occasionally one did escape to service, and rejoiced as if she had been rescued from the shadow of death. There was no hope gleaming with starlight softness and luster any where within their dreary horizon. Their testimony to the commissioners was, that they were weary-the work was too hard, but they could do nothing else.

This drudgery begins in childhood. Where the seams are thin the coals have to be drawn by hand. This operation is called "hurrying" and thrusting, and is done as follows: The wagons are tubs

mounted on wheels. They are rolled to the place of getting [quarrying] and filled. Thence they are to be hauled to the pit's mouth. The child in front is harnessed by his belt or chain to the wagon. The belt passes around the waist, a chain is fastened to the belt and the wagon, passing between the legs of the lad, who draws upon his hands and feet. Two others in the rear bend their whole weight against the wagon, which they push with their heads. By constant pushing many of the boys wear the hair from the crowns of their heads and become quite bald. Now, remember that they have sometimes sharp grades to ascend, acute curves and angles to turn, the loads are incredibly heavy, and the distance the loads must be pushed or hurried, sometimes several hundred yards, and you can form some idea of the painful toil. "Barbarous, barbarous," say you. Softly, reader, we have spoken of all this as done by boys. What will you say when told all the above-the harness, the belt, the chain, the pushing—are the heritage of females in the British mines? That girls of six and nine years of age, thus accoutered, clad-if clad at allin ragged trowsers, are set to hurrying and pushing, where the seams are only eighteen inches in thickness? That girl yonder, in a seam some thicker, is a larger sister, and in one still thicker, the mother, all harnessed to the wagons? Is the picture too revolting to be true? Look at some of the countless testimony. "The girls hurry with a belt and chain as well as thrust. There are as many girls as boys employed here. One of the most disgusting sights I have ever seen, was that of young females, dressed like boys in trowsers, crawling on all fours, with belts and chains, in clay-pits at Thurshelf Bank, and in many small pits at Holmfirth and New Mills." (Testimony of Thomas Pearce.)

Henrietta Frankland—eleven years old—"I draw the drains, [carts,] which contain from four to five hundred weight of coal, from the heads to the main road. My sister, two years older, does the same. The mine is wet where we work; the water passes through the roof, and the workings are only from thirty to thirty-three inches high." We have at hand testimony from females of all ages, between twelve and thirty-eight years, who were engaged as we have described.

Other female children have a different work. A sub-commissioner, who visited a Scottish mine, gives us this description of a small girl's labor: "She had first to descend a mine ladder pit to the first rest, even to which a shaft is sunk, to draw up the baskets or tubs of coal. She then takes her creel—a basket formed to the back, not unlike a cockle shell, flattened toward the back of the neck, so as to allow lumps of coal to rest upon the back of the neck and shoulders—and pursues her journey to the wall face, or, as it is called here, the room of work. She lays down her basket, into which the coal is rolled, and it is frequently more than one man can do to lift the burden on her back.

The tugs or straps are placed over the forehead, and the body bent in a semicircular form to strengthen the arch. Large lumps of coal are then placed upon her neck, and she commences her journey with her burden to the bottom, first hanging her lamp to the cloth crossing her forehead. She has first to travel eighty-four feet, from the wall face to the first ladder, which is eighteen feet high; leaving the first ladder, she proceeds along the main road, which is from three and a half to four and a half feet high, to the second ladder, eighteen feet high; so on to the third and fourth ladders, till she reaches the pit-bottom, [bottom of the shaft,] where she casts her load, varying from a hundred to a hundred and fifty weight, in the tub. Add the length of the ladders ascended, and the distance along the 'roads,' and they exceed the hight of St. Paul's Cathedral; and it not unfrequently happens that the tugs break and the load falls upon the females who are following."

Thus the servitude of the mines begins in early life—in childhood itself—and where shall the end be? Alas! when the film of death comes upon the eye, and the shades of the dark valley gather around the poor pusher or hurrier, then shall come the end!

The physical results of such violations of the laws of being are startling. We have not room here for statistics; they are not needed. Remember this labor lasts for many hours; that it is in damp and unlighted caverns, and you will need no figures nor certificates to convince you that it causes melancholy, drowsiness, trembling limbs, and debility. The head becomes diseased by pushing. The spine curves—"from eight to thirteen years of age they lay the foundation for hypertrophy of the heart"—diseased lungs and stiffened limbs are a common heritage of those who toil in the mines.

The mental condition of the women of British mines is also most deplorable. This needs no argument, if the statements which have gone before are reliable. When can they read? What have they to read? They have no aspirations for knowledge. They know how to descend and ascend a shaft; they know how to hew, to push and hurry, to carry the basket, and what more need the female collier know? When she becomes a mother, she has simply given birth to a collier, which need know no more than she. How could they know letters, having never been taught?

Morally, what is their condition? Read Mr. Wesley's account of the Kingswood colliers. There is ever and anon one who has heard of Jesus, and who knows there is a Holy Ghost. But such are few. They live without God, and die cheered by no hope.

The moral sense is blunted and perverted by every association. That the refined delicacy essential o female purity can remain unsullied in the life of colliers, as lived, is clearly impossible. The Parliamentary committee, in their report, after specifying the causes, add that all the witnesses agree

in testifying as to the demoralizing effects of subterranean labor upon the female sex.

When the shrinking delicacy of woman is gone she is unsexed. She becomes the actor of masculine vices, with seldom the virtues of the other sex. If ever the heart becomes the home of Christian graces, that delicacy must be given back. Christianity demands it, fosters it, will create it, but can not live without it. The discipline of the mines crushes it-implants in its place a stolid indifference or wayward recklessness. Under its blighting influence the mother does not bow her knees with her children, and commend them, "many a time and oft," to the care of the great Father; does not go with them over the scenes of his life, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." The Gospel she may have heard, but it was only to her the utterance of something unintelligible. It did not reach her heart-did not stir the fountains of emotion. We can not write farther upon this topic without presenting authorities and proofs which would be painful, perhaps indelicate. There is barbarism where stocks and stones are not worshiped; there is idolatry almost in sight of steeples rising above consecrated altars.

It would be injustice to close this article without stating the result of the Parliamentary investigation. After the committee made their report, so crowded with painful, revolting facts, Lord Ashley introduced a bill into the house of commons for the amelioration of the condition of the women and children in the mines. It passed the commons and went to the house of lords. These gentlemen were, many of them, proprietors of the mines-the facts of the report, of which the bill was predicated, was unpalatable. They manifested a disposition to kill the measure with studied contempt. Lord Londonderry curled his lip and sneeringly spoke of the "humanity mania." What were the miners but serfs-to build up colossal fortunes for noble peers? But there is a majesty in public opinion speaking in behalf of downtrodden, bleeding humanity, that even the aristocratic lords of England, separated so widely by disparity of position, wealth, and power from the masses, was obliged to yield. But there were alterations and amendments made to suit their interests. The bill, as passed, provided that no child under ten years of age, and no woman should work in the mines. This, so far as the children were concerned, was mere cant, as but few children, under ten years of age, could be of any service-they were too weak to push, hurry, or

The provision that no female should work in the mines, resulted as might have been expected. There were hundreds of females thrown out of employment whom the system had unfitted for any other species of labor. They had lived in the mines, and knew not how to live out of them. It is the sad result of any system of labor founded in wrong—founded in perversion of natural right, that it unfits its victims for any thing beside, and drives

them back to it, as their only refuge and hope. But that result does not prove the rightness of the perverse system. Petitions came in, praying that females might be restored to the privilege of working in the mines, that they might not starve.

There were enough who had interests in the return of the female miners and the cent per cent., to make the enactment a dead letter, at least partially so, and there is reason to fear that the condition of women in the British mines is but little if any improved.

There might be some sarcastic allusions made to the English interference in some of the ills which trouble us as a nation, and suggestions of the observance of the old-fashioned eleventh commandment, "mind your own business." But we forbear. There is enough to do in both countries; there are evils to be cured in each. Let us help each other; let us work for the common interests of the race of man.

God grant that the sighing of the oppressed may soon come to an end, and the voice of the exactor cease!

A WOODLAND POEM.*

BT H. N. POWERS.

FAR up the green arcades

Of the old forest cool, and dim, and deep, Where the mysterious shades

A blessing for the weary-hearted keep, I come again, O Father! let it be A way that leads me nearer unto thee.

Here, 'mong sweet ferns and flowers,

With mossy rocks and hoary cliffs around, Where the luxurious hours

Are freighted with the woods' delicious sound, How often in my heart, with quiet grace, Has passed the delicate spirit of the place!

Along these paths of green,
'Neath these grand trees, and by the silver flow
Of this enchanted stream,

The gentle ones were with me years ago; But never more will this soft, sylvan air Cool their bright cheeks and lift their sunny hair.

For them, all day, bright leaves
And falling waters, flowers, and birds, and bees,
And Echo in the rocky eaves,

Mingle their sweet complainings, and so tease The fragrant woodlands with melodious woe. I wait and wonder why these things are so,

Till thick upon my brain Crowd memories of their beauty in the dust,

And in my heart old pain

Burns o'er the wreck of many a hallowed trust.

O love, change, death! How little did we see,

In our young joy, of time's deep mystery!

The scene of this poem is around the famous "STONE CHURCH," Dutchess county, N. Y.

Here, through long, pleasant days,

We sang old rhymes, and murmured storied lore, Till, like a flowery maze,

Our lives grew radiant with a common store Of feeling, fancy, impulse—all that brings Into the soul a sense of tenderest things.

Those pleasant days are told—
Faded like some bright vision of the air,

And gradual and cold

A sense of absence haunts me every-where. O Father, take my trembling trust to thee! O grant me patience and strong faith to see

Beyond the vale that lies

Between my mortal vision and that clime, 'Neath whose benignant skies

Life gains the joy and glory of its prime; Where like meets like, and love, with looks more fair, Dreads no decay in that celestial air!

KATIE LEE-A PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Eyes of azure, bright as morn, In their sadness or their glee; Like the dews upon the lawn, At the early summer's dawn, Katie Lee.

Voice of music, low and clear, In its native melody; Chiming softly on the ear, Touching chords forever dear, Katie Lee.

Shining curls of golden hair, Round her forehead clust'ring free, Floating on the summer air, Shading neck and bosom fair, Katie Lee.

Lily cheeks, where yet the rose Blends its crimson witchery; For a moment brightly glows, Fades as soon in sweet repose, Katie Lee.

Little hands, fair, delicate,
Open hands of sympathy;
Toiling for the desolate,
Hiding half their bounties great,
Katie Lee.

Fairy steps, that up the steep Springeth light and noiselessly, Boundeth o'er the crannies deep, Where the lazy echoes sleep, Katie Lee.

To the charms of form and face,

All imperfectly we trace, Look, and tone, and action free; 'Tis the mind that giveth grace

Katie Lee.

CERTIFICATE RECOMMENDATIONS.

It is a singular circumstance, considering that eminent men are not particularly common, that there never does occur an instance of a vacancy in a post or situation, be it political, literary, professional, or scientific, but there appears a host of candidates, each armed with certificates to show-not that he is eminent, for that is a matter of coursebut that he is preëminent, and that nature has evidently designed him for that especial office. Not long ago we had occasion, in reference to a matter of this kind, to peruse the testimonials of no less than sixteen candidates, and we really were petrified at the amount of dormant and suppressed talent which the land contained. One candidate, in particular, issued about six sets of certificates, with the appetising promise of more; and we were really sorry when he had exhausted his stores of printed panegyric, for we found that they made admirable matches, and were in request in the lower region for the purpose of singeing fowls. We doubt whether the Dalai Lama had a greater number of implicit worshipers. At least a hundred and twenty gentlemen, of various shades of obscurity, with all the capital letters in the alphabet appended to their names, had written letters to their friends, or to those to whom the patronage was intrusted, in terms that a historian would blush to apply to the admirable Crichton. Never was there such a fellow as that! Of all the race of Adam, alive or dead, he was the only one competent to do justice to the subject. No draw-well or Artesian boring could equal him in profundity. He had a genius that carried him on its soaring pinion beyond the limits of the stars. Some worthy attestors averred that the chief joy of their lives had been the privilege of his conversation-and very disinterested persons they appeared to be, since his election must necessarily remove the darling planet from their sphere. Others pledged their reputation-no very great stake, after all-that he would do what never man did before, and pathetically entreated the electors not to lose that opportunity of reflecting some luster on their own names, by appropriating this redhot paragon. But for his quiet adoption and indorsation of all these compliments, we should have been inclined to think that the modesty of the honorable candidate was at least equal to his merits, seeing that he had contrived all this while to keep his light under a bushel, in so far as the public was concerned. Till we received his testimonial, his name was as unknown to us as that of the architect of the pyramids. Our amazement was immensely increased by the discovery that this vacancy had drawn from their retreat a dozen other paragons. whose witnesses, if not quite so numerous, were as obscure and laudatory as the batch who gave thundering testimony to the first. And it was very curious to remark, that such of the candidates as were really known to fame put forth the smallest number of certificates; also, that the men who granted these, having reputations of their own,

cautiously abstained from dealing in strong hyperbole. This is but one instance, out of many, of the modern system of puffing, which amounts to rank dishonesty. We shall not suppose that the writers of such testimonials are conscious that they have no title whatever from their own intellectual attainments to offer an opinion on the subject; for the predominant feature of a ninnyhammer is the enormous development of his self-conceit. But not one jackass of the hundred and twenty believed in the truth of what he was writing. His vanity was tickled by being appealed to as an authority; and, knowing well that it was not the custom of his brother idiots to spare butter on such occasions, he deliberately set himself down to be as fulsome as the dictionary would allow. We do not insinuate that the creature was not actuated by a certain instinctive feeling of friendship. Possibly he had the recollection of numerous hours of dreary drivel consumed in the company of his friend: and we have nothing to say against bonds of alliance so formed and ratified. But the fact remains, that the certificate system has become an intolerable nuisance, and ought at once to be put down.-Blackwood's Magazine.

NIGHT MEDITATIONS.

BY MRS. C. R. DAVIS

IT is night; earth is hushed in stillness, the moon is walking in beauty above, and the stars glitter on in their unearthly purity. How much of real loveliness does night disclose to the eye of those who love her charms! The sky, spread out in all its beauty above us, bespangled with stars, encircled with its milky girdle, and illuminated with its varying, ever-beautiful moon, seems designed not only to draw our eyes above, but our hearts also, and to lead us to contemplate the glories of that invisible world, which the night of death shall disclose to the eye of our disembodied spirits. Night is a fit time for meditation, and is replete with instruction. I have often thought the Psalmist fully understood and felt the sublimity of its sacred, silent teachings, when he penned his inimitable Psalm, which contains this gem of real poetry, "Day unto day uttereth speech; night unto night sheweth knowledge." Those words must have been written in the solemn stillness of night. Day does not fill the heart with such mysterious emotions of refined pleasure as throng the heart at night. Her enjoyments are more sordid, selfish, and finite; but night reveals the boundless space, crowded with objects of wonder and beauty, that silently point to the "eternal Father" as the source of all good. As the shadows of night gather around us, we can retire within ourselves and spend the hours, thus kindly given us, to think of our past lives and present prospects. Days of toil

often pass away with scarcely time to raise one thought above their groveling, earth-born cares. But they pass away, and are numbered with "the past." Again, the still twilight hour succeeds, pointing to reflection and repose. It is sweet at such an hour as this to pause and think that earth is not our home; that these cares and toils are but for a season; that our souls were made for a nobler employment and purer joys. Let this thought fill our souls with cheerfulness as we pursue the dusty, beaten track of life, and give us new vigor to press onward and overcome every obstacle that impedes our march in the life divine. At the twilight hour, when all nature is hushed in silence, memory often floods the heart with recollections of the past; scenes of our childhood, and of our early youth, will pass in review before us. The images of faroff friends will seem to greet us with loving smiles, and the communion of heart with heart seems more pure and spiritual. I sometimes think that the spirit-communings, which even here we may hold with the absent, loved ones, is more beautiful and holy than our daily intercourse with those around us. There is less of earth and earthliness about it, and more of life and spirituality-more of the soul which is life. Perhaps some of us can call to mind evenings spent in the society of a father, a mother, a brother, or a sister that have long since gone to rest-that have laid off their mortal bodies and "put on immortality." How sweet at this hour to look above, and picture to ourselves their joys, and think, if faithful to the charge delivered to us, we shall one day meet them where we shall never more be called to part, but with them shall be permitted to ascribe all praise to the "Lamb that hath redeemed us with his own blood!" Upon that land shall beam the light of an eternal day; for "there shall be no night there."

THE ART OF BEING QUIET.

An old writer-I think it is Jeremy Taylorsays: "No person that is clamorous can be wise." This is one of those sayings which every body believes without reasoning about, because it accords with things already tried and proved by the great bulk of mankind. We are all disposed to assume that a man of but few words thinks much; that one who is never in a bustle gets through twice as much work as another who is always hurried. And the disposition to believe this is not weakened by finding many exceptions to the rule. A silent fool who passes for a wise man till he begins to speak is not a perfect fool; on account of his quietness, that outward semblance of wisdom, he is less foolish than his talkative brother. And a wise man who has spoken largely-and there have been many such, from Confucius and Socrates down to Bacon and Goethe-is not reckoned any the less wise for having made some noise in the world. The silence of the fool and the eloquence of the wise can not be adduced in argument against the utility of being quiet; nor can

"The loud laugh which marks the vacant mind."

The art of being quiet can still lay just claim to the attentive consideration of sensible folks and people of an artistic or speculative turn of mind, and should have its claim allowed on fitting occasions. With your leave, good reader, I will take the present occasion to be one of those, and will offer you a few words on the subject.

It has struck me that the art of being quiet, besides being one of the most useful arts, must be reckoned among the fine arts, since it ministers largely to our love of the beautiful. The very words quiet, repose, calmness, tranquillity, peace, are in themselves beautiful, and suggest either the essence or a very important component of all true beauty. Therefore, it will be well to consider the art of being quiet from an æsthetic as well as from

a utilitarian point of view.

To begin with the utility of being quiet. All the world seems agreed that it is essential to their bien être physique; for all the world is ready to do, say, or give "any thing for a quiet life." One of the first lessons taught to our children is the necessity of acquiring this art. "Be quiet, child!" is an exhortation of as frequent recurrence in the nursery and school-room as the famous "Know thyself!" was in the ancient groves of Academe. But physiologists can testify that the lesson is by no means a profitable one to the child, and that it is inculcated merely for the benefit of the grown-up world around, who dislike the noise which is a necessity of development to the young. So necessary is noise to the healthy development of children, that whenever we meet with a child who is remarkable for its quietness, we are apt to infer that it is in a morbid or diseased state; and the physician will generally pronounce the inference correct. In fact, the quiet life so much desired by adults is not natural or desirable during the years when existence goes on unconsciously. It is only when we begin to think about life, and how we should live, that the art of being quiet assumes its real value; to the irrational creature it is nothing, to the rational it is much. In the first place it removes what Mr. De Quincey, with his usual grand felicity of expression, calls "the burden of that distraction which lurks in the infinite littleness of details." It is this infinite littleness of details which takes the glory and the dignity from our common life, and which we who value that life for its own sake and for the sake of its great Giver must strive to make finite. Since unconscious life is not possible to the intellectual adult, as it is to the child-since he can not go on living without a thought about the nature of his own being, its end and aim-it is good for him to cultivate a habit of repose, that he may think and feel like a man, putting away those childish things-the carelessness, the thoughtless joy, "the tear forgot as soon as

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shed," which, however beautiful, because appropriate, in childhood, are not beautiful, because not appropriate, in mature age. The art of being quiet is necessary to enable a man to possess his own soul in peace and integrity—to examine himself, to understand what gifts God has endowed him with, and to consider how he may best employ them in the business of the world. This is its universal utility. It is unwholesome activity which requires not repose and thoughtful quiet as its forerunner, and every man should secure some portion of each day for voluntary retirement and repose within himself.

But beside this conscious, and, as it were, active use of quiet, which is universal in its beneficial effects, there is a passive-though, to the adult, not unconscious-use of quiet, which belongs only to particular cases, and which is even of higher beneficial effect. I say, to the adult it is not unconscious, because this same passive use of quiet operates upon children of finer and nobler organization than the average, and in their case it operates unconsciously. In both cases-in that of the unconscious child and that of the conscious manthe still, calm soul is laid bare before the face of nature, and is affected by "the spirit breathing from that face." It does not study, nor scrutinize, nor seek to penetrate the mystery; it does not even feel that there is any burden in that mystery; it is simply quiet beneath the overarching influences, and purely recipient. De Quincey has this sort of mental quiet in his mind-the passive as opposed to the active quiet-when he cites Wordsworth's well-known verses in the following passage: "It belongs to a profound experience of the relations subsisting between ourselves and nature, that not always are we called upon to seek; sometimes, and in childhood above all, we are sought.

> 'Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum Of things forever speaking, That nothing of itself will come, But we must still be seeking?'"

And again:

"Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
And who can feel this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness."

The wisdom of such passiveness can never be doubted by those who have felt the impress of the invisible powers upon their own minds when in that state, or have had opportunities of observing similar effects on the minds of children. It is when a mind is thus wisely passive that it is open to revelations and to inspirations. This is the mental state of the poet and of the prophet in the exercise of their proper functions. This sort of quiet can be described much better than it can be taught; for although it certainly comes within the limits of the art of being quiet, it has "a grace beyond the reach of art." To give rules for its attainment, would savor of presumption in one who can not pretend to be an adept; but, without presumption, I may indicate in what manner these rules may be discovered by those who wish to know them. In two ways may the art of being quiet—in this high passive sense—be attained; first, by natural instinct or genius; second, by habituating the mind to the practice of that lower, and, as it were, active art of being quiet, which it is incumbent on us all to acquire as a condition of moral health in this busy world, wherein the verb to do ranks so much higher than the verb to be. The way of instinct or genius can not be taught. The other way can. We can all learn how to be quiet in that sense.

To begin with externals. We must, in this respect, keep the body in subjection, avoiding all unnecessary motion. It is one step gained when we can sit still, and think within ourselves, or listen to another. Another step is gained when we have learned to bridle the tongue-when we are silent, not only that we may hear the voice of another, but that we may hear the voices of our own heart and conscience. Then, indeed, silence is better than speech. We must be careful never to give utterance to half-thoughts or hasty opinions, but to wait in patient silence till we have matured them in our brains. A calm, earnest manner when we are most actively employed: Ohne hast aber ohne Rast, as the German proverb says, is also another external characteristic of mental quietude. But the mental quietude itself, the art of being quiet, is a something which works beneath the surface. This art gives to ordinary men a power and influence which men, in other respects far above the ordinary, can not attain without it. The amount of self-governance which it establishes is admirable. Thought, word, and deed are under control of the reasoning will; irregular and irrational impulses never carry away the man in spite of his reason; he is always master of himself-that is, being self-possessed. Thence proceed "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control." The kingdom of the mind is kept in order and peace, so that external disturbances-what is called the tyranny of circumstances-may move, but can not upset it; it is quiet within, and commands respect from others. This is attainable by minds of mediocre endowments: a man need not have a great genius to be serene and mentally quiet-quiet enough to examine his own powers, and keep them always ready for active service. This is doing one of the highest earthly duties, and in the performance of it a certain sort of greatness is attainedthat useful sort of greatness implied by the wise man when he says: "Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city."

Before I say a few words about the beauty of being quiet, or, as it was called above, the æsthetical view of the subject, I can not refrain from setting before my readers a passage from a new book by an old favorite of the book-loving public; for Leigh Hunt is an old and ever-new favorite with all persons of refined and cultivated literary taste; the sorrows of life have chastened, matured, strengthened, and beautified his character, so that his genius sends forth as bright a light in old age as ever it sent in youth. Hear what he now says: "It is good to prepare thoughts in gentleness and silence for the consideration of duty. Silence as well as gentleness would seem beloved of God. For to the human sense, and like the mighty manifestation of a serene lesson, the skies and the great spaces between the stars are silent. Silent, too, for the most part is earth; save where gentle sounds vary the quiet of the country, and the fluctuating solitudes of the waters. Folly and passion are rebuked before it; peace loves it, and hearts are drawn together by it, conscious of one service and of one duty of sympathy. Violence is partial and transitory. Gentleness alone is universal and ever sure. It was said of old, under a partial law and with a limited intention, but with a spirit beyond the intention, which emanated from the Godgiven wisdom in the heart, that there came a wind that rent the mountains, and brake the rocks in pieces, before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind was an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire, a still, small voice. Such is the God-given voice of conscience in the heart: most potent when most gentle, breaking before it the difficulties of worldly trouble, and inspiring us with a calm determination."*

If such be the moral effects of silence and quiet, we may be sure that the æsthetic effects will correspond; for goodness and beauty are radically the same. In all the great works of art which remain to us from ancient times, and which are ensamples to modern artists, a perfect calmness and repose is noticeable. In all beautiful objects of our own time, whether among living creatures or in the productions of man's hand, there is a sentiment of quietness and serenity. Nothing disturbed, confused, or hurried affects us with a sense of beauty; whereas any thing that produces a sense of stillness and repose, even though it may lack every other element of beauty, is often said to be beautiful, and does the work of a beautiful thing, which is to excite love or admiration in our minds. It is so especially with persons and with places. A person whose face and manner are full of that composure and gentle quietude which can emanate only from a peaceful and well-regulated mind, may not have a good feature nor a well-proportioned limb, and yet will attract others as if he or she were beautiful. They will be gladdened by the approach of such a one, love to be near him, to be under the influence of that beautiful or "beautymaking power," and feel all their gentlest and best feelings excited by his presence. More than all, they themselves will be quieted by being near him; for repose of character and the loveliness attendant

on it are contagious. So it is with a quiet place-a place where order and fitness of details produce a unity of effect. This unity of aspect in a landscape or a room, is what is called harmony in the language of art; it is what in common language may be called repose or quiet, and is the thing which we all seek, without knowing it, for the most part, when we gaze upon a natural landscape, or look round us in a room. A quiet, comfortable room is full of beauty, and every body loves it; a quiet, beautiful landscape is full of the comfort which all beauty brings to the refined mind. There are also refined minds which, having attained in perfection the art of quiet, reflect their own harmony upon the landscape they look on, or the room in which they are: they carry about with them repose and quiet, as the joyous minds carry with them sunshine and gladness. In this world, so full of love and sorrow, the loving can not always be glad, nor desire to be glad; but always they are glad to be quiet. Quietude is beautiful and good; let us strive to cultivate it in our hearts, that it may give us leisure and opportunity for raising and purifying our souls, which is the highest duty we have set before us on earth. Far be from our souls all noise and tumult, violence and confusion, even about good things; and let us learn to compose our hearts, that we may commune with high things, and heed as little as may be the "maddening crowd's ignoble strife," except to convert it into the "peace which passeth all understanding."-Chambers's Journal.

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S DREAM.

BY M. J. SECURDS.

A MOTHER sat by the couch of a sick child. The evening breeze that stole through the open window gently fanned her fevered brow. She heeded not the soft and plaintive murmur of the neighboring brook, to the sound of which she had always loved to listen; and the sweet warble of the pretty birds failed to drive that sadness from her heart. Ah! yes, she saw nothing but the form of her only child that lay before her; she heard nothing save the short, quick breathings, interrupted by an occasional moan. For eight long nights she had watched by the side of that tender flower, and now the crisis was near; the fever had reached its hight; her friends urged her to take some rest, assuring her that all would be done that could be. She rose calmly and left the room, but was it for rest? Let us follow her and ascertain why she has left her child at this fearful moment. We find her in her own room, praying that the destroyer's hand might be staid. The hand that had, with its icy grasp, chilled the heart of a loving husband, was about to take all that was left dear to her; and long and earnestly she prayed that this might not be. She returned to the sick room; the symptoms were, in-

[&]quot; " The Religion of the Heart," by Leigh Hunt.

deed, flat ring. Again she was urged to retire, and again she sought her room to thank God that he had heard and answered her prayer. The burden that had weighed down her spirits was removed, and she was happy. Sleep, that "angel of mercy," gently closed her eyes. A vision flitted before her; it was her darling boy. There he stood with streaming eyes and heaving breast. Listen to what he is saying: "Dearest mother, why would you keep me here? This world is full of sin and trouble; would you keep me till this heart is unfit to join that happy throng that are now ready and willing to receive me? My father, with outstretched arms, is calling me home. Dear mother, unsay that cruel prayer and let me go." The vision fled; the mother awoke and prayed, but how changed her prayer! She now prayed that God would transplant her flower to that genial clime "where storms never come." And he did transplant it; for that same night the pure spirit left its frail tenement. The mother smiled when assured that its pulse had ceased to beat. Her friends were alarmed; they thought it a maniac's smile; but her calmness soon convinced them it was not. Her life was a happy one. She never regretted the prayer she made; for that dream was ever before her mind.

RELIGION.

BY F. S. CASSADY.

"What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize."

Religion is the great spiritual want of man-"the one thing needful." The very conditions of his being require him to be religious to be himself. His moral and mental nature is such; such the philosophy of his mysterious organization, that the religion of the cross can alone bring him to his grand climacteric, because it can alone fill the large demands, and satisfy the burning desires and intense longings of his immortal spirit. Earth is not and can not be a home for a soul immortal. That which satisfies and fills it must be like itself, imperishable. Conscious of its high birth and still higher destiny, it disdains to find the center and circumference of its happiness within the narrow limits of earth, but asserts its rightful claim to immortality. God alone is the soul's great center, and his religion alone meets the demands and exigencies of our nobler nature, our higher being. Happiness has often been sought but never found in the pleasures, riches, and honors of this world. Solomon, whose experience comprehended the varied experiences of the world, was enabled, by the Spirit's unerring inspiration, to write the epitaph of this world's pleasures, its riches and its honors, when he said, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." The world's

most admired pursuits fail to make an immortal mind happy. Look at Alexander. When he was conqueror and possessor of the then world, and wielded the scepter of universal empire, was the demon spirit of ambition quiet? was he happy? No. Though lord of one world, the insatiable thirst for conquest still possessed and crazed him. As he gazed upon the grand temple of night, lit up with her ten thousand chandeliers and bright, dazzling orbs, he is said to have wept because he could not transport his all-victorious arms and conquer the worlds that revolve around the midnight throne. It is not in the nature of things earthly to yield an enjoyment and happiness correspondent with the claims of an imperishable spirit. history, all experience but demonstrates this fact. The world-weary and earth-tired spirit, feeling its heirship to "an inheritance which is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," cries out,

"What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!

There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God."

Beholding an infatuated, sin-deluded world eagerly intent upon the acquisition of this world's fading riches and perishing pleasures, and forgetful of their immortal interests, this is his philosophy:

"Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more."

David outspoke the truthful utterance of every soul, alive to its pressing wants and great interests, when he said, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple." Paul, fired up with the same sublime sentiment of Christianity, could exclaim, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!" He well knew, as all Christians know, that in the cross centered his all of happiness and interest for time and eternity.

Religion, then, is the only thing adapted to the moral and mental condition of our nature. It alone can transform, dignify, ennoble, and sublime the human character. It alone is the bright pathway to paradise, the royal road to glory. God has invested it with a moral power competent to lift the redeemed spirit from the ruins of the fall to the glories of immortality, and from the sorrows and pollutions of earth to the bliss and purity of heaven. Connecting link, as religion is, between two worlds-the world of time and the world of eternity-it gives its happy possessor "the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Religion is always lovely and beautiful. Fairly exhibited in the life of the Christian, how true is it that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace!" Religion, though lovely in life, is far lovelier in death. It shines out with a diviner beauty and a holier splendor in

the last hour of the dying saint. When we have beheld the moral glory of the cross, and the reflected effulgence of heaven, spreading over the dying chamber of the Christian, who has not said, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" Let us, fair reader, have this treasure, and then we will be safe in life, triumphant in death, and happy in eternity.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY SABAH A. RUGOLES.

Woman's rights has become one of the prominent themes of the age. Every-where is it discussed. Some of "the sex" have arisen, and made an effort to throw off the shackles which they assert have so long prevented woman from taking that active part in the drama of life which the Creator designed she should. Whether those women have overstepped the boundary line of woman's sphere, I have no disposition now to discuss. But there is one thing to which woman has a right, which I have almost feared she is unconscious ofa right to health and happiness. I have watched, with eager interest, the sickly, sallow countenances which too many of our countrywomen wear, and have asked myself, Do these women know that they have an indisputable right to the precious boon of blooming cheeks, sparkling eyes, and happy, bounding hearts? Do they know that there is a cause within reach of their powers of investigation for the thousand ills to which, from the cradle to the grave, they are subject? Do they know they are slaves to a capricious tyrant, whose bonds they have a right to break, and be free? Do they know that if the last Parisian fashion is a papersoled slipper, to be worn in December, they have a right to throw it aside, and, consulting their own good sense, incase their feet in a warmer and more substantial covering? Do they know they have a right, in defiance of fashion-plates, to have a waist as much larger than their arms as nature designed they should? Do they know they have a right to pure air, inhaled from the hill-top or tangled wood, though Dame Fashion does tell them a promenade would be more genteel? Do they know, in short, that their whole course of life is most effectual to fade the roses on their cheeks, dim the luster of their eyes, and mar that very beauty they are so anxious to preserve? When will the daughters of our own fair land claim these rights, and throw off those chains which Fashion has riveted, and which have 30 long bound them to premature old age and decay? When will they, with something of a regard for their own health, follow those dictates which will lead to a due development of the organs of their physical frames, and to a proper enjoyment of the comforts of this life? Heaven speed the day!

SUMMER SHOWERS.

BY W. S. PRIBRSON,

GENTLE showers are descending
On the famished earth;
Pure and healthful summer showers,
Who can tell your worth?
The deep thunder's distant booming
We with pleasure greet:
Withered flowers again are blooming,
All the air around perfuming
With their odors sweet.

Not the least of nature's blessings
Is the gentle rain,
From the clouds descending softly
Over hill and plain.
O, I love the merry plashing
Of the pearly drops,
As they come down pattering, dashing,
In the glorious sunlight flashing,
Through the green tree-tops!

While the summer showers are falling
Over field and wood,
Let our thankful hearts be singing
Songs of gratitude:
FATHER! blessings without measure
By thy hands are strown;
Every true, undying pleasure,
Every bright, unfading treasure,
Comes from thee alone.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CLOVERNOOE.

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LITTLE children, be not crying; Ye have easy work to do; Look not upward for the flying Of the angels in the blue;

Look not for some great example, Such as deaths of martyrs give; One command of Christ is ample For the teaching you to live.

So that you will find out roses
Brighter than are by the brooks;
Poesy with sweeter closes
Than is in the poet's books;

Friends to gently watch and tend you When your hours of pain go by, And at last their prayers to lend you, When your time has come to die.

In your working, in your praying, In your actions, great or small, In your hearts keep Jesus' saying, "Love each other:" this is all.

ROSA MORTON:

OR, SABBATH SCHOOL INFLUENCE,

BY MRS. BITHIA B. LEAVITT.

CHAPTER III.

One morning, a few days after the party, the three friends were seated together with their sewing. A silence which had continued for some time was suddenly broken by Alice exclaiming, "O, Ella, I missed you at the soiree the other evening, and forgot to ask the reason. It was a most brilliant affair," continued she. "Every thing was conducted with such elegant taste. Rosa did not seem as animated and piquante in her remarks and retorts as usual, I thought; but I enjoyed it exceedingly. You were invited, were you not?"

"Yes; but I do not attend parties, you know,

Alice," replied Ella, quietly.

"Do not attend parties, Ella! Well, I know you have very strict views in regard to some things; but, really, I did not know they extended as far as soirees. Do tell me why you think them sinful; or are your objections founded upon the supposition that none but the weak make, and none but the frivolous attend them?"

"By no means," replied Ella to the latter part of her sentence. "I regret to see the line of demarkation so faint between professors and non-professors of religion, that they are not only made and attended by the gay and light-hearted, but by ministers and members of Churches also. Shall

I frankly give my objections?"

"O, certainly," replied Alice; "you may even read us a homily on the subject: be sure, however, and make some exceptions for particular friends; for mamma is going to give a grand party soon, and you will not surely refuse to come to our house. We should feel quite grieved; but come tell us your objections to parties, or soirees, or call them what you please, they are the same thing after all. There are some people who make a wonderful, or perhaps, in charity, I should say a conscientious distinction between a musical soiree, in which, toward the close of the evening, a little dancing is introduced, and a 'large party.' In my estimation, the spirit of the one is the same as that of the other."

"But, Alice, out of delicacy to your parents, perhaps I ought not to say what I would have said before I knew their intention. It might seem

self-sufficient and improper."

"There, Ella, I think you are wrong," interrupted Rosa, speaking for the first time. "You will not be telling them your opinions, and we will think no such thing, for we ask you."

"But, first, Rosa, how did you enjoy the party-

very much?"

"Yes—no—that is, not as much as I expected," answered Rosa, evasively. "But quickly, Ella, Vol. XIV.-20

tell us why you think there is so much harm in going to and giving parties."

Thus urged, and feeling that Rosa had been touched by the scene in Annie Morris's little room, and that she was then but ill at ease, Ella replied: "Well, girls, you insist so strenuously, I will be very formal; and, first, I think they feed and foster one of the most despicable and also one of the most prominent passions of the human heartvanity. From the moment an invitation, in its elaborately wrought envelop, is placed in the hand of a young lady, till the most tasteful dressmaker can be consulted, the one, absorbing thought is what shall I wear, what color will be most becoming, what costume will attract the most admiration? Various opinions are formed, but are in turn rejected, till at length this vital point is settled. The skill and art of a score of persons, from the chemist down to the shoemaker, is then called into requisition; and two or three hours before the assembling of 'the party' this young vanity is ready for the all-absorbing operation of the toilet. If she happens to be a beauty, with what smiles of conscious self-admiration does she wind her rich tresses into becoming ringlets, smooth her delicate brow, and apply the cosmetics to her naturally soft and brilliant skin! If she happen to be deficient in beauty, and conscious of the fact, still with what anxiety does she employ the arts of the toilet to highten the better part and conceal the more defective! If, as I said, she must be numbered among 'the ugly ones,' may I not go still farther, and say that she may perchance think over the books of late perusal, resolving, if she can not charm by her face and figure, to gain something by intelligence and wit? She proceeds to the ball-room. The brilliant lights, the stirring music, the giddy dance, the admiring glance, and the melting tones addressed to the eye and ear, powerfully combine to bewilder and betray her better judgment, and the evening is consumed till a late hour in vain and trifling amusements and conversation, or, rather, talk. Just think, girls, and don't laugh, what would be your impression to stand in the ball-room, with your ears stopped, to see ladies and gentlemen-alias men and womenjumping and prancing around, or, if you object to these terms, gliding and simpering about the floor? Surely you would not, could not regard them as intellectual beings-beings, too, created with moral responsibilities. But let us follow this young lady a little farther. The succeeding day, and perhaps the one still succeeding, are spent in recovering wasted energies, or in fretful disquietude at some real or fancied neglect. Thus days are lost, yes, wasted, in preparing for and recovering from the fatigue of one evening. Now, Alice, and I appeal to you, too, Rosa, if this is not all true; nor is this all. Though I conceive the moral and spiritual injury sustained by attending fashionable parties to exceed all other, yet think of the vast sums of money annually expended in one of our

cities, not for intellectual or moral culture, but merely to administer to vanity on the one hand and the palate on the other! Think how many degraded creatures might be raised to respectable positions in society; how many a boy, grappling with the iron chains of poverty, might be set at liberty, and rise to enlighten the world with his science like a Franklin, or benefit his race like a Howard, merely by the appropriation of money thus foolishly lavished! O, think that to the lip of many a lone widow might be recalled the smile of love and gratitude, to her eye the light of hope, to her step the buoyancy of youth! Alas! however, she weeps in her dreary solitude, with none to pity but the sympathizing bosom of Him who is the widow's husband and the orphan's friend. O Alice! O Rosa! think but for a moment of spreading light and happiness in the homes of the poor and distressed; and will you not esteem it a far higher, nobler, purer pleasure, than congregating the wits and the addle-pates, the beauties and the fops of a fashionable circle, to utter silly speeches and gratify the grosser part of our nature by tempting viands?"

Just at that instant the door opened, preventing all reply, and Mrs. Morton, with flushed cheek and excited manner, entered the room, exclaiming, "Congratulate me, girls, for, by dint of hard exertion, I have at last secured the services of Purson and Black for my party. Just to think, it was as much as I could do to induce Mrs. Pansy—vulgar creature she is, too—to relinquish her claim, insistin; as I did that she must yield, as my party was planned long ago. Indeed, I should not wonder if she had caught an idea of my intention to give a splendid party, and ill-naturedly engaged Purson for a few, just to vex me. Black is an excellent waiter, but Purson is a prince of a fellow to attend

a supper-room."

Ella was in hopes that she had made some impression upon her friends by their attention, but she sighed as she heard Mrs. Morton thus rattle on; for she knew full well that nothing serious could long survive her sharp and not altogether refined raillery. Mrs. Morton, all unconscious of the train of conversation in which they had fallen, went on to tell her daughters that she had obtained the latest and most elegant style of invitation cards, quite unlike any that had appeared, and wished one of them to sit down immediately and write a copy for the engraver.

"Well, Alice," exclaimed her sister, "you can do it so much better than I could, that while you and mamma are engaged in maturing your plans, Ella and I will take a stroll—to refresh our complexions, mamma," added she, laughingly, as she perceived an objection about to be made. "Come, Ella, I have a prospect to show you;" and tying on their bonnets, the two girls were soon threading the paths of a retired part of the garden.

Scarcely was she conscious that they were alone ere Rosa exclaimed, in so changed a tone as to quite startle her friend, "O, Ella, I told you I had a prospect to show you; instead of being lovely and commanding your admiration, it is dark and dreary. It is my heart I want you to view. Do not shrink from its contemplation, for sometimes the faint glimmer of hope steals upon me, that He who searcheth its most secret and hidden nook, and hates the least appearance of iniquity, will still look with compassion on the sinner. O, my dear friend, ever since I saw your little Annie Morris, I have been uneasy and miserable. Although I have endeavored to banish the scene from my mind, her pure spirit seems to hover around me continually, and her eyes appear to penetrate the pride and levity I may assume for disguise. Above all, the holiness of my offended Maker crushes me to the earth under a sense of my sin and alienation. Ella! Ella! you are my only friend," continued the poor girl, bursting into a flood of tears; "to you, whose religion I have often ridiculed, I turn for sympathy, for instruction. O, look not at me coldly-look not at me doubtingly; but you will not-you can not. God has awakened me to a sense of my sinful condition; and have you not passed through the same wretchedness? but, no, not the same, for you were purity compared to me. O, how I loathe myself! how must God, a holy God, regard me!"

Quite exhausted by the ebullition of feeling which had been, like a pent-up volcano, agonizing her breast, Rosa sank upon a seat, burying her face in her hands.

Astonishment and delight had so completely benumbed Ella's faculties upon this announcement, that she had not spoken a word; but when she saw her friend sink on the bench, throwing one arm around her, and clasping her hand within her own, she quietly kneeled at her feet, and poured out, in touching expressions, the gratitude of her almost bursting heart, fervently interceding at the same time for her weeping friends. Well might Rosa trust to the sympathy of that noble nature. Occasional taunts of bitter spirit, occasional pettishness of disposition, were all forgotten, and gently laying Rosa's head upon her shoulder, still clasping her hand, Ella endeavored, with all tenderness, to pour into the wounded spirit the oil of joy and the balm of consolation. Long did the friends, now doubly endeared to each other, continue together, the one pouring her griefs, and fears, and aspirations in the attentive ear of the other; and then that other humbly bending before the cross, in earnest supplication for the light of heaven to shine into the penitent soul.

"Ella," at length exclaimed Rosa, "we must return, for mamma will desire our presence at dinner; and O, like a guilty culprit, I shrink from encountering her scrutinizing gaze almost! But will not He," she added, solemnly raising her eyes to heaven, and in a subdued tone, that told of more peace within than had been there for many a week, "will not he who 'knoweth our frame, and

remembereth that we are dust,' strengthen us to meet the scorn and rebuff of worldly friends? Dearest Ella, why does a calm steal over my spirit like the gentle gale of a summer evening, when so recently a storm of contending feelings seemed tearing my very being? O, such a sinner as I was! and now forgiven." The thought was too great, and, called forth by a view of the bleeding Jesus hanging on the cross for her, flooded her eyes, and she seated herself to regain composure ere she returned to the house.

Thus was Rosa Morton sweetly brought to the Savior through impressions first made by a visit with a Sabbath school teacher to the bedside of a dying pupil. As a lovely bud, visited by the propitious dews and sunshine of heaven, develops its beauty and fragrance to cheer and gladden the eye of the beholder, so did Rosa's heart, under the gentle influences of the Spirit and bright rays of the Sun of righteousness, gradually unfold those graces which are beautiful in the eyes of God and man. Her parents and sister, though worldly in the extreme, could not but observe and acknowledge the consistency and loveliness of her conduct, and, after a few unsuccessful attempts to induce her attendance in the gay scenes of fashion, soon ceased their opposition to her views and conduct. She herself afterward took a class in the Sabbath school, and having witnessed the abundant fruits of her own pious labors, in a few years breathed out her sweet spirit on her Savior's bosom, and went home to him in heaven.

A SKETCH-CATHERINE, THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

In the little town of Marienberg lived a Lutheran minister by the name of Skovronski, who was remarkable for his piety, benevolence, and unwearied efforts in doing good. On returning to his humble dwelling one evening, his attention was attracted by the cries of a child. His horse showed an unwillingness to proceed; he dismounted, and at a short distance on the snow he discovered the object of distress. There lay a half-frozen child. Wrapping it in his cloak, he remounted his horse, and in a short time was at the parsonage.

That child was a beautiful little girl, not a year old. It was at once adopted by the pastor, and placed in the care of his faithful servant, an old lady, who had long resided in the family. She was named Catherine, from the circumstance that she was found on St. Catherine's day, the 25th of November. She was nursed with great care and tenderness, and treated by the family as an only child. Her beauty, docility, and sweet temper attracted the attention of all who saw her. A more lovely little creature could hardly be imagined.

As she grew up, she interested herself in the

management of the household affairs, and was always ready to assist as occasion required. The venerable Skovronski was growing old, and, under his excessive labors for the good of his flock, his naturally robust constitution was evidently giving way. This deeply affected Catherine, for she loved the good old man as her best earthly friend. She respected him as a parent, but she could never forget that it was him who saved her life. When he became ill, she would do all for him in her power, and often cheered his lonely hours by singing some beautiful hymns. She would often say, "My dear father, what can I do for you? Can I not render you some assistance? Can I do too much for one who saved my life?"

On the 20th of August, 1702, Marienberg was taken by the Russians, and many of its inhabitants slain. It was a sad day. Many heart-rending scenes were witnessed. Catherine at this time was thirteen years of age, and at the time of the battle was visiting at the sister of Skovronski, a few miles distant. She heard the cannon, but did not understand the cause. This part of our story must be described by another. Though a slight thread of fiction may be seen in the description, it will give a lifelike air to the facts presented:

A horse suddenly stopped at the door of the cottage, and a young man hastily dismounted. "The Russians are at Marienberg?" exclaimed he, rushing into the apartment. "I have escaped with difficulty to bring this letter from your brother, [addressing the pastor's aister,] who has given his horse for my use."

"Do tell me what has occurred at Marienberg," said Catherine.

"Why, do you not hear the cannon? General Scheremetief, with the army, is bombarding Marienberg. O, it is a cruel sight to behold!"

"My father, my benefactor!" cried Catherine, sobbing.

Such was her anxiety to see her best earthly friend, that she immediately started for Marienberg; but on reaching the town she was met by one of the guard, with, "Where are you going?"

"What is that to you?" replied the young girl.
"I am in haste, and pray you let me pass."

"You, of course, are not aware, then, that the town is in the hands of the Russians," said the man.

"Well, what then?" interrupted Catherine.

"That all the inhabitants are prisoners; and if you pursue your route, you will also be taken prisoner yourself."

"Thank you for your advice; but my father and benefactor is in town, and I am determined to share his fate, whatever it may be."

"Go, then, and God preserve you!" answered the man.

She had not proceeded far before an officer demanded her name.

"Catherine," she quickly replied; "I am the adopted child of the pastor Skovronski."

"Thou art a Livonian," replied the officer. "Livonia belongs now to our Czar, Peter I, of Russia;

you are, therefore, a prisoner."

"Touch me not," said Catherine, her beautiful dark eyes flashing. "I returned to Marienberg to find my adopted father. Conduct me, then, to him—in his house—in a dungeon—no matter where—so that I may find him."

As the officer did not seem disposed to comply with her request, she inquired, "Who is your

General?"

"General Scheremetief," was the reply.
"I wish, then, to speak to the General."

In a few moments, as the Cossack officer was inquiring where the General could be found, an old woman, perceiving her, uttered a cry of despair. "O, my dear child, you will see your protector no more! He died on the battle-field by a Russian bullet, while in the act of binding up the wounds of a poor soldier. He is dead—my poor master!" This old lady was the servant of Skovronski.

Catherine turned pale at this sad intelligence, and inquired, "Have you, then, left him there

without help?"

The officer bade her follow him, and he soon introduced her into the General's tent. She threw herself at Scheremetief's feet, and, with her uplifted hands, exclaimed, "A grace, General! for pity's sake, a grace!"

"What does the child want?" inquired the Gen-

eral of the officer.

"She wishes to speak to you."

"It is true," replied Catherine. "I have learned that my father and protector is among the dead. Dear pastor Skovronski! The favor I ask is, to be allowed to seek for his body, that it may be

properly buried."

The tone of her voice was so peculiar, and her countenance so commanding, yet so ingenuous, that the General was moved at the sight of her youth and courage, and said, "The camp is situated outside of the walls; if I grant your request, what guarantee shall I have that you will not try to escape?"

"My word!" replied Catherine, innocently.

"Go, then," said the General; "but remember your promise to return, for you belong to me."
On leaving the tent, she soon met the pastor's

old servant. "Come," said she, taking her hand, "show me the place where you saw him fall."

The night was dark, and it was with difficulty they could see their way. They soon came upon a field covered with the bodies of the slain, while the cries that arose told that many were still alive. It was, indeed, a scene of horror. It was dark, and how could she distinguish her benefactor? Soon a soldier appeared with a lantern, which he kindly offered her, but advising her to discontinue her search till morning. This she at once declined,

"But," said the soldier, "you are not formed to be a slave, though a general may be your master. You are now beyond the camp; no person can see you. Fly! If you want money, here it is."

"Fly? when I have given my word not to do so?"

"The word of a girl without name, without birth, is of little consequence. I conjure you to fly."

Catherine remained unmoved, and resolved to fulfill her promise. The search for the pastor was continued, and in a few moments he was found, nearly senseless and quite speechless. After several attempts, he faintly whispered, "Where am I?"

"With your friends," replied Catherine-"with

your little Catherine."

A little cordial being administered, he revived, and was soon carried home on a litter. His wounds were dressed, and all possible assistance rendered to the wounded pastor. Catherine was overjoyed to see her dearest friend so comfortable.

The old man had learned that his dear child was a prisoner, and this grieved him much.

"It is all right," said Catherine. "If I had not been taken a prisoner, I should not have been carried before the General, and would have missed seeing your servant, who told me of your death; and had I not seen her, I should never have thought of seeking for you on the battle-field."

"Now," said Catherine, "my dear benefactor, bless me, your poor child, for I must leave you." "Go, my child, go," said the old man, in a solemn voice; "do your duty, and God will bless

you."

Catherine kissed the lips of the old man, and exclaimed, "Adieu, my father! adieu!" and left the house.

As she entered the tent of the General, she met the young roldier who presented her with the lantern in the battle-field, and who now kindly presented her to the General.

"What, have you returned?" said the General on seeing her. "I feared that I should not see you

again."

"I gave you my word," was her brief reply.

"What shall I do with her?" inquired the General, addressing himself to the soldier.

"Make her my wife, the wife of a soldier! She is born for it! Well, what say you, my child?" added he, turning to Catherine, who seemed quite bewildered.

"I say," replied she, hesitating, "my choice is not difficult: I would rather be the wife of a soldier than the slave of a general."

"Bravo, Catherine! from this moment you belong to me."

The soldier arose, and, beckening to Catherine to follow him, he left the tent. "Do you know who I am, Catherine?" said he, as they walked together away.

"No; but you said that you wished to be my husband."

"True; but do you know my rank in the army?"
"It matters not," said Catherine; "you can not

suppose I am proud—a child without family, without name."

"You are content, then, to link your destiny with mine," taking her by the hand.

"Yes," replied Catherine, "I like you because you have been kind to me, poor child that I am."

The soldier stopped before a tent more elevated than the rest. "This is the tent of the Czar," said he; "remain where you are. It is right that I should ask his permission to marry you."

Catherine had waited but a few minutes, when a young officer advancing said, "The Czar wishes

to see you."

On entering the tent, she saw a large number of officers, in the center of whom she immediately recognized the young soldier, her companion. "Where is the Ozar?" inquired Catherine of the officer.

"There!" said he, pointing to the soldier who was seated.

"There? That is my husband!"

"He is thy husband and the Czar likewise, Catherine," said the Emperor of Russia. "How astonished you appear! Does the news grieve you? Does my title prevent you from loving me?"

"I loved you as a soldier," said she; "I will also love you as an Emperor." The Czar arose, and taking the hand of the young orphan, presented her to his officers as the future Empress of Russia!

Here closes the thread of fiction in our story. After their marriage, the Emperor placed her in a private dwelling in the city of Moscow, where she received every attention becoming her position. She was lovely and beautiful. She loved to do good, and to make others happy around her. She was intelligent, cheerful, amiable, and benevolent. "No doubt Peter the Great saw that she was precisely the woman who could share his enthusiasm and sympathize in his plans. The obscurity of her birth was no obstacle to him; he had absolute power to raise her to the loftiest condition in his empire."

Though surrounded with the honors of royalty, she did not forget the pastor of Marienberg. She loved him still, and did what she could to cheer his last hours. He never recovered from his wounds, and survived but a short time. His end was peace. Catherine mourned over his departure, and sighed that one she had loved most of all on earth was now no more.

She often accompanied the Emperor in his journeys through his empire, and frequently attended him in military campaigns. In 1711, when Peter was at war with the Turks, by her extraordinary skill and superior judgment, she saved the life of the Emperor, and saved the army from being destroyed or taken prisoners. Peter caused the event to be commemorated by a display of magnificence unusual for him; and in the declaration he issued we find these words: "She has been of the greatest assistance to us in all our dangers, and particularly in the battle of Pruth."

She was blessed with two children, one of which—a son—died when a child. The other—a daughter—became Empress of Russia.

On the 18th of May, 1723, Peter the Great placed the crown, with great pomp, upon the head of Catherine. His health was now rapidly declining. Catherine attended him constantly. January 28, 1725, he breathed his last, being only in his fortyfourth year.

Catherine sustained the title of Empress with great dignity, and was greatly beloved by her subjects. Her reign was short. She survived her husband about two years, and expired May 27, 1727, at the age of thirty-eight.

LOST ANNIE.

BY ANGELO CANOLL.

The world is blithe and gay, Annie;
The blessed sun shines bright;
Ne'er rose a lovelier morn, Annie,
Upon the melting night.
The wild-bird's song is loud and clear,
The woods their green robes wear,
The very air is melody,
And all the world is fair.

But my tears are flowing fast, Annie,
Though Nature smileth so;
My aching heart, so lone and sear,
Seems breaking with its woe.
When all's so glad but me, Annie,
Why art thou absent now?
For sorrows gether in my heart,
And shadows on my brow.

If thou, when weary years are gone,
Wert coming by and by,
No bird that sings in yonder wood
Should sing so glad as I.
But of my wees this is the worst—
To know thou'lt come no more:
No years will bring those loving eyes
That blest the days of yore.
I thought I loved thee much, Annie,
But knew not half how well;

Ah! Death's a fearful messenger,
To show how strong the spell.
Come back! come back! one hour, Annie,
One hour come back to me!
See, Annie, this poor, throbbing heart
That waits so long for thee.

O, Nature mocks my soul, Annie,
And yet I love its glow:
It seems so sacred all to thee,
To cheer thy grave so low.
And if it shines upon thy grave,
It shines for my despair;
And blessing thee is blest to me—

For my heart is buried there.

COUSIN SALLY.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY ALICE CART.

THE house seemed very dismal; we could hear the rain falling, and now and then the drops came down the chimney, and lessened the little blaze of the embers aglow in the deep fireplace.

The cats—and there were always eight or ten at Sally's house—lay curled and stretched out about the hearth in various positions, and the dog

whined at the door.

We could only talk in whispers, for Sally's father was reading by the table; so at a very early hour we concluded it was best to go to bed.

It was a gloomy night, well fitted for the telling of gloomy stories; and we did tell them—all we had ever heard or read—till I began to grow afraid, and asked Sally if she had locked the door. Sally said she didn't know; she thought she had; but whether it was locked or not she assured me made on difference—"Lame Danel" was from home, and would probably not be back that night; but if he did come, she was not afraid of him nor of any thing else.

And this was true. I think there was nothing that Sally was afraid of. I kept thinking of the door, and wishing it was fast; but at last, encour-

aged by her bravery, I fell asleep.

How long I had been sleeping I don't know, but it seemed to me a great while, for I had dreamed of being in a great many perilous situations, when I thought I heard the turning of our door-key, and the next moment Sally lightly touched my arm, and whispered me to get up.

I obeyed without a word, for I knew by her manner that we were in great danger. I heard no noise, except a creaking on the stairs leading to

Danel's room.

"Hurry," whispered Sally, and she softly raised the window at the head of our bed. I climbed out on the roof of a porch that ran along that part of the house; she followed very softly, closing the window after her.

"What is the matter?" I asked, in a trembling voice; for to find one's self so suddenly removed from a warm bed to a roof across which the wind and rain were driving, was enough to startle any one.

"Hark!" said Sally, without replying to my question; and listening, we both heard distinctly a noise as if of one trying to open the door—softly at first, then there was a crash, and the light streamed through the window. "I see him; he is in there," said Sally; "crouch close under the wall." I did so, while she continued to peer cautiously in at the window, laughing all the time, and reporting every moment what she saw.

I was not mistaken; and as soon as she could hush her laughter, Sally told me that Lame Danel was come home as crazy as a bedbug, and that he would have made an end of us, but for our climbing out of the window. We heard him going down stairs; then all was still for a moment; and then came frightful cries and screams; for the first time in her life Sally was terrified, as she well might be. But the terror lasted only for a minute; and when her father and mother went flying out of the house into the rain, and in undress, she knew they were safe, and laughed as heartly as before.

For myself, I scarcely dared to speak, but crouched against the wall, trembling both from the fright and the cold, and listening to Danel as he went raving about the house, for I could not feel myself secure.

Sally said she would not care any thing about it but for the cold and rain; and getting in at the window, in spite of my remonstrances, secured a blanket, with which we made ourselves much more comfortable.

And sitting on the roof, with the blanket over us, she told me that the barking of the dog waked her from sleep—that she heard Danel come in and go up stairs, talking to himself, as he often did, especially after he had been to the tavern; presently she heard him swearing and dashing things about in the garret, and suspected that he was angry because she had hidden his demijohn that day.

All this time she did not think of rising to lock the door, and when she heard the stairs creaking beneath his step it was too late; and affecting to be asleep, she listened close, for she knew he was coming to her room. Stealthily he opened the door, and, approaching the bed, bent over her for a moment, and then withdrew as carefully as he had come. She knew now that he meant to murder us; and hastily rising, locked the door, so as to give us time to escape from the window, and then called me.

Her surmises were no doubt correct; for, on looking in at the window when he returned, she saw that he had his sword in his hand, and a hammer, too, and that he struck furiously at the bed.

All this we talked of, and much more, sitting on the roof in the rain.

We had been there two hours, perhaps, when we saw lights coming across the field, and directly heard voices. Sally's father and mother had called up the neighbors, and were returning home.

Lame Danel remained crazy for a long time, and at last fell sick and died, when every body said, "Poor old fellow! it's a good thing."

Sally was much praised for her courage, and for the ingenious way she had managed our escape.

I only heard the rough movements of chairs and tables, and a beating on the bed, and a voice swearing horribly, which I supposed to be "Lame Danel's."

^{*} Concluded from page 275.

And, indeed, it is probable we should both have been killed if she had been as frightened as I. Every one can not be so calm, but so far as we can be it is best for us all under all circumstances. If she had been frightened, she would have fancied the danger much greater than it really was, if that had been possible. Fear made my cousins Frank and Edward believe they saw a great white beast with a thousand horns, when there was nothing but a harmless tree in sight; and courage and presence of mind made her see the way to escape from a real danger.

But Sally's fearless disposition produced a sorry result the summer following this affair; so you will see her courage was not always tempered with

wisdom.

There chanced to be no school in the district where she was accustomed to go; and more I suspect for the pleasure of being with me than for the sake of what she would learn, she teased to come to our school, till she was at length permitted to do so.

I was as much delighted to see her as she could be to come, and at once asked the master if she could not sit by me; permission was granted, and till noon we talked constantly, keeping our books before our eyes as if engaged with them. By that time she had told me all about Lame Danel's funeral, and how few persons came, and where he was buried, and what had been done with his chest of clothes and his sword. In return for which I related how a family had removed from a neighboring house in the night, and that it was reported they were not honest, and that we children had been over the house to see what we could find, except in one room, which we were all afraid of.

Sally said we would go straight there at noon; that the man who had lived there might have stolen whole bags of money, and hidden them in that very room.

Nothing seemed more likely; and without eating any dinner, we set off at noon in the direction

of the deserted house.

It was a small log-house, having but two or three rooms on the ground floor, and but one overhead, which was entered by a ladder reaching up through a hole in the floor to the garret of which we were all afraid. The door creaked as we opened it, and there was a musty smell pervading the rooms; some green sprouts had come up through the hearth, and the spiders had woven nets across the windows. Altogether it was a gloomy sort of place.

When we had gone through the lower rooms, I proposed to return to the school-house; but Sally laughed at my fears of the dark garret, and, adjusting the ladder, began to ascend, to see what was

up in that dark place.

I watched her at a little distance, and when she had reached the topmost round, and her head was almost out of sight in the room above, the ladder gave way, and down she came, with a cry that was frightful to hear.

I removed the ladder, and assisted her to her feet, but she could not stand nor walk; and after we had cried together for half an hour, I was obliged to return to the school-house alone, and tell the master about it.

He was a kind man; and though he said we had done wrong, he did not scold us much, but carried Sally in his arms to the school-house, bathed her foot and ankle in cold water, and soothed her all he could.

But poor Sally could not help crying; her ankle was badly hurt and very painful, and kept swell-

ing more and more.

All our pleasure was done now for a long time. Sally's father had gone to market that morning, and when I saw him coming in the wagon, I went out and told him of the accident; and the master again carried Sally in his arms to the wagon, and I bundled her books together, and that was the first and last of her coming to our school.

I need hardly tell you she did not find the bags of money in the garret, nor any thing else, in fact.

These things happened a long time ago, but I can think about them as though they were yesterday. What a strange thing, what a beautiful thing, is memory! To live so that there is nothing that we wish to forget, is what we should all strive to do.

It is pleasant to me to think of my cousin Sally, and of the many times we crossed the woods and the white bridge to visit one another; but when I remember the sprained ankle, I feel a twinge—it is something I would like to forget. For months it was feared she would never be able to walk; and once a week during that time I was sent to see her; and though she laughed, and said if she were well she would do the same again, I never quite thought she would; and I was sure I would endeavor to dissuade her, if it were undone.

I could not help wishing I had not gone to the old house, for then she would not have gone. If she reads this, she will, perhaps, laugh that to this day I remember the accident with sorrow.

THOU ART THE SAME.

What a fountain of comfort is in the thought of the immutability of God! "They shall perish," is the brief chronicle regarding every thing here. The firmament above us, the earth beneath us, the elements around us, "all these things shall be dissolved." Scenes of hallowed pleasure—they are fled! Friends who sweetened our pilgrimage with their presence—they are gone! But here is a sure and safe anchorage amid the world's heaving ocean of vicissitudes, "Thou art the same." All is changing but the Unchanging One! The earthly scaffolding may give way, but the living temple remains.

RHYMERS AND POETS.

BY REV. J. D. BRIDGE.

I am not going to write an extended essay or long criticisms on the old poets of Greece or Rome. Homer and Virgil have had attention enough paid to them. Let them go. Two old lords of different tongues and different ages, what do they care for us? And what do we-that is to say, I-care for them? Not one syllable. It was well for them that they lived and wrote when they did-when the world was young and uneducated-when there was but very little civilization, and barbarism was a descriptive word for all nations. Then most men were wild, untutored, unsubordinated to the rules of artificial life. In vast majorities they were tenants of dame Nature. They roamed her fields, climbed her mountains, leaped among her jagged rocks, sported among her cliffs and crags, looked up into her clouds, adored her sun, and were sentimentally insane at the sight of her moon and stars. The murmuring brooks, the roaming floods, and thundering seas were only voices in her loud, unceasing anthem. Then there were the rose and the lily, the myrtle and the cypress, the cedar and the oak, all full of enchantment. No wonder men were poets and orators in those virgin times. How could they help it? Domiciled in glens and glades, on prairies and uplands, and far up in the sanctuaries of Alps, Libanus, and Parnassus, it were impossible for them to do otherwise than sing and shout, gesticulate and harangue, poetically, oratorically. Had it not been for the youth and virginity of the world, it is doubtful if the old poets had written those splendid compositions which the critics have apotheosized into models for all coming times. But they have; and the "old folks at home" among the exactitudes of these last days of artificiality must borrow inspiration from the geniuses of the past, providing they can not do better. But they can do better if they will.

John Milton had a "will," and found his "way" to modelship and dictatorship in the whole realm of English poetry. His Paradise Lost is a demonstration that the blind bard of England can sing as rapturously as the Grecian Homer. But Milton did this in spite of himself and of the times in which he lived; that is, in spite of his own high mental culture, and a civilization which ignored the artless simplicities of nature. He threw himself into the impassioned extravagances of the highestwrought imagination. In a sense, he became insane, and wrote under the splendid hallucinations of the loftiest poetic conceptions. The material which did not exist he gathered from the abyss of nonentity, and the beings, whether angels or devils, which were necessary to his purpose he created "to order," sweeping the entire realm of thought and imagination to find the characters and illustrations essential to his purpose. In this way he constructed his great poem—the proudest monument poetic genius ever produced.

What Milton did every poet must do according to his ability. He must become self-emancipated, and emancipated from the slavery of himself. He must break away from the restrictions and torments of artificial rules, and when he has tossed to the demon of desperation all the homilies of grammarians and rhetoricians, let him wander where he pleases, and as he pleases, till he has roamed all over the great universe, and has made the acquaintance of its complex and countless population. Let him go up to heaven, and look on

"The living throne, the jasper blaze, Where angels tremble as they gaze;"

and when he has bowed in the awful worship of the cherubim and seraphim, and mingled in the adorations and songs of the "spirits of just men made perfect," then let him leap into the depths of the night profound which settles over the lost; and when he has shot the gulf of ruin, listened to the blasphemies of devils, and the wailings of the damned, then let him come up from the desolate shores of the burning lake, and take his harp, and strike its strings to inimitable verse and immortal song. In the frenzied excitement of these mental excursions he can write, if he can write at all, the lines which will glow, and dilate, and take the proper measure.

The same rule will apply to every kind of poetic composition. There must be an utter abandonment to the theme, whatever that theme may be; divine, demoniac, heavenly or perditionable, wrathful or kindly, heroic, tragic, or comic; no matter; the mind must revel in it till all the visions and images are transferred to the mental canvas, and till the soul is possessed of the entire spirit of the theme. Then let the half-crazy thinker, panting and heaving, frothing and flashing, laughing or weeping, shout for "pen and ink," and dash upon the paper the thoughts that will live longer than himself.

On the contrary, let this passionate outgushing of the soul be restrained, or restricted within the nice limits of art; or let it be measured by rule, or weighed in accurate harmonic balances, and the spirit of poetry will "be grieved," and the angel of song will plume his pinions for flight. Poetry is not a subject that can be coolly considered as one considers stocks in trade or mechanical inventions, nor can its fiery cantos and burning passages be prearranged and determined as men work out theorems and mathematical propositions. It would take a very keen metaphysician to discover much similarity between geometrical and poetic lines; and I would write that man a prince among blockheads who would insist that poets shall be accomplished rhetoricians or grammarians before they touch the lyre or thrill the harp. "The art divine" is not acquired in this way. It is natural, inborn, irrepressible. It is an endowment, and to such an

extent as to make one think grandly, sublimely, or tenderly and beautifully. The soul of the poet is like his harp-full of music; and as the fingers sweep the strings of the instrument to wake the ravishing notes, so do the laws of association, of observation, and reflection strike the chords of his delicate nature, and produce the tender or the thrilling verse. But enough of this preaching; and for it undoubtedly the doctors and critics will deem me a heretic. Let them do so. Heretics are plenty nowadays, and are not likely to be less very soon. I insist, however, that no one shall understand this self-conceited fault-finder as undervaluing education, and education for poets. The more thorough and accomplished is their education the better; only education with its artificialities must be held subordinate to the "higher law" of poetic genius and inspiration. It will not cripple my argument to be told that some of the best scholars have been the best of poets, for I can retaliate that some of the best poets have been no scholars at all. And this is true in reference to times past and present, and will be true of all time to come. I repeat, these curious creatures called poets can never be created by any educational process. If they are not born poets, it's no use. They can no more ascend the hights of Parnassus than donkeys can climb to the moon. I wish this small piece of common sense could come into the possession of the rhyme-writers and their patrons nowadays. It would save editors and critics many a thankless job, and sensible readers a sad loss of temper. But neither editors nor readers will ever be relieved. Every fifth boy and girl believe themselves poets; and while they ought to be ciphering out their sums at school, or declining nouns, or conjugating verbs, the prurient rogues will be writing verses, which, if the words happen to jingle into rhymes, they call them poetry! And so does sweetheart, and so do ma and pa, and aunt Lucy, the novel-reader. The next grist of verses is packed off to the newspaper or magazine. I hope the editors are Christians; then they can bear literary as well as other crosses. Not the boys and girls only are sinners in this business. The young ladies at the boarding-school and the young gentlemen at college are constantly poetizing. This has always been so, and I suppose always will be. I am sorry; for in this country, where time is money, and where there are no "noble lords" to whom verses can be dedicated with hopes of patronage, rhyming will be likely to repay the rhymer with "cleanness of teeth." In England a century or two ago, to be able to indite a dozen verses of good rhyme, with a few striking thoughts to salt the copy, was deemed quite hopeful, and fame, and plenty, and the laureate's place and pension all beckoned on to other efforts. Perhaps one effort out of every hundred cases met with some success, but never enough to win an English homestead or coronet. Pushing this thought of remuneration of poetical genius and production a little further, and we meet the assurance that none even of the great English poets ever lived on the profits of their epics and lyrics alone. Other services and resources were indispensable to their competence and comfort. Milton, Dryden, Cowper, Pope, Scott, Byron, Montgomery, all acquired more fame than money by their poetry. So it has been with the best poets of America. If one wishes to make money, now or hereafter, better find out the art of writing "Uncle Tom's Cabins," rather than the poet's art; and if one wishes to acquire fame, never spend a moment in jingling the English language into rhymes. My sober advice to every young lady is, never attempt to write poetry till you are obliged to-not till you are elected to do so by the mystic conclave on Parnassus; and when that is done the Muses will bring you one of their sweetest or most thrilling harps, and then you may and can run your delicate fingers over the strings of fire, and entrance the world with songs as yet unsung.

These severe suggestions will discourage no one except those who can never attain excellence in their attempts at poetic writing. These ought for their own good to be discouraged. Dig away at any other kind of composition, and they will meet with comfortable, perhaps triumphant success. A genuine poet can not fail of attracting the world's attention, and compelling its homage. Let such employ a leisure hour now and then for their own and our comfort, and we do not object. Or if they are going a journey to Oregon or Asia Minor, and will write and leave behind them such verses, for example, as Lamartine addressed to the Academy of Marseilles on the eve of his departure for Palestine, I will agree to see them set to music, and help sing them as I plod along in the home-paths of my life. Here are the whole six verses alluded to, every one of which is worthy a place in the Ladies' Repository, or on the tablet of the fair reader's memory:

"I have not felt o'er seas of sand
The rocking of the desert bark;
Nor laved at Hebron's fount my hund,
By Hebron's palm-trees cool and dark;
Nor pitched my tent at even-fall
On dust where Job of old has lain;
Nor dreamed beneath its cavern wall
The dream of Jacob o'er again.

One vast world's page remains unread;
How shine the stars in Chaldea's sky?
How sounds the reverent pilgrim's tread?
How beats the heart with God so nigh?
How round gray arch and column lone
The spirit of the old time broods,
And sighs on all the winds which moan
Along the shady solitudes?

In thy tall cedars, Lebanon,
I have not heard the nation's cries,
Nor seen thy eagles stooping down
Where buried Tyre in rain lies.
The Christian's prayer I have not said
In Tadmor's temples of decay,
Nor startled with my dreary tread
The waste where Memnon's empire lay.

Nor have I from thy hallowed tide,
O Jordan! heard the low lament,
Like that sad wail along thy side
Which Israel's mournful prophet sent!
Nor thrilled within that grotto lone,
Where deep in night the bard of kings
Felt hands of fire direct his own,
And awept for God the conscious strings!

I have not climbed to Olivet,
Nor laid me where my Savior lay,
And left his trace of tears as yet
By angels' eyes unwept away;
Nor watched at midnight's solemn time,
The garden where his prayer and groan,
Wrung by his sorrow and our crime,
Rose to one listening ear alone.

I have not kissed the rock-hewn grot
Where in his mother's arms he lay,
Nor kneeled upon the sacred spot
Where last his footsteps pressed the clay;
Nor looked on that sad mountain head,
Nor smote my sinful breast, where wide
His arms to fold the world he spread,
And bowed his head to bless, and died."

Here is poetry, Christian poetry, such only as a master can write, perhaps; but all poets should aim to become masters in the "divine art," or let it alone. Lamartine is not only a scholar, but a natural poet. He and those of his "kith and kin," can not help themselves; with or without scholarship they can produce verses that will thrill the souls of all who read them. Let such men, and women, too, if they will, make, write, and publish poetry. It will find a market. Or send it to the editors, and they will never write "rejected" on the manuscript, or consign it to the proscribed company which kennel "under the table" of their knightships.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

I AM fond of children. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think if there were never any thing any where to be seen but grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delighted prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and to draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, vivify, sustain, and sweeten all the charities of life .- Rev. T. Binney's Both Worlds.

THE CHRISTIAN PIONEER.

A MEMORIAL OF MRS. SARAH YOUNG.

BY REV. J. M. TRIMBLE, D. D.

WE may learn many interesting and important lessons from the history of those who have lived long and lived well. Many in dying carry not all with them to the spirit-world, but leave behind them much to benefit and bless those who survive them. What lover of the Bible would have stricken from its pages the interesting references to periods in the life of holy men and women, illustrative of the power of faith, or patience, or purity of heart? And may there not exist still reasons for retaining, so far as we may, the light and benign influences resulting from a life well spent and happily closed? What though the loved ones be passed to the companionships of a better world, do they not leave a mantle behind them that ought to be preserved? Just now autobiographies are becoming popular, especially so as they gather up and save from oblivion many interesting facts connected with good men who have gone to their account. Would that such a volume were to make its appearance, garnering up the names and deeds of those pious women who have blessed the Church and the world by their works of faith and labors of love! I have the name of one that I desire should not perish. It is that of SARAH Young, wife of our beloved brother Rev. David Young, of the Ohio conference. She lived long-eighty-one years-lived well, and on the 8th March, 1854, was gathered as the ripe shock to the heavenly garner.

She began to live at an interesting period in our country's history-1773-and spent the days of her youth amid stirring, thrilling scenes. Her father-Col. Ebenezer Zane-was fond of frontier life, and brooked many perils to himself and family in gratifying his desire for a frontier home. For several years prior to 1773 he resided near Brownsville, Penn. In the fall of that year he constructed a water-craft, called a dug-out; and putting his family and furniture on board of it, he floated or paddled westward, landing at the present site of Wheeling, Va. Here he constructed a block-house, and took possession of his wilderness home. He soon found that he must not only be deprived of those advantages enjoyed by the resident in more thickly populated portions of the country, but must be exposed to the deadly hate of the Indian, and would fall, perhaps, an easy prey to his cunning. This induced him to seek allies in the persons of the brothers of his wifethe M'Culloughs-bold and daring men. Aided by them, a fort was built for their mutual protection; and they were often compelled to flee to it for refuge from their sleepless enemy.

Amid such scenes as you may easily imagine to have surrounded the family of Colonel Zane was this daughter reared. It was not her privilege to enjoy educational advantages, to any great extent. What she had she improved. Nurtured amid scenes of danger, she had no ordinary share of courage. To her has been attributed the heroic act of supplying the inmates of the fort—who were besieged the second time by the Indians—with powder and lead carried in her apron from her father's house to the fort amid great peril. How familiar the minds of these frontier dwellers must have been with danger! If the day passed without alarm, the nightfall caused all to recur to their exposed condition. Often the sleepless sentinel had to guard those who slept; and each succeeding night presented the same array of weapons of defense, placed where they could be easily reached and readily employed.

Accustomed to a life of activity, and trained to turn a hand to almost any department of labor, Mrs. Young was prepared, when called to such a position, to make a most desirable wife. She was married in her sixteenth year to Mr. John M'Intire—a man without fortune, but not the less worthy on this account of her affections. Like thousands of our race, they had the pleasure of making their way from comparative want to the possession of an abundance of this world's goods.

Soon after her marriage she became a resident of Ohio. The circumstances that led to this were these: Colonel Zane made a contract with the Government to examine and mark a trace from Wheeling, through Ohio, to Limestone, now Maysville, Ky. The compensation for this service was the privilege of locating three sections of land, a mile square each, along the route he should mark—the Colonel purchasing the warrants, and locating them himself. One of these sections he located on the Muskingum river, which he divided afterward between his brother Jonathan—who helped to mark the trace—and his son-in-law, Mr. M'Intire. This gave being to the town of Zanesville, and brought Mr. M'Intire to Ohio.

In 1798 they left Wheeling, and after six weeks of effort and toil by water they reached their new home. After constructing a temporary camp, and storing their goods therein, with some assistance a log-cabin was erected; but before they could get their new house ready for occupancy the snow began to fall, and their rude camp was by no means a comfortable dwelling-place. Their cabin, however, being finished, they took shelter therein, and found the comfort of their condition much improved. The log-cabin! how many pleasant associations are connected with it, and how much of domestic bliss has been enjoyed in it! I can almost see the cheerful fire, on a winter's evening, brightly burning, and around the hearth-stone of home are gathered the happy circle of happy friends, enjoying their happy home. Many a heart-felt prayer, many a sweet song of Zion, many a good sermon from the true minister of Jesus has been heard in the log-cabin.

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These new comers had a house, but it was in the woods; other labors were to be endured; grounds

had to be cleared, and to be prepared by spring for the seed of the sower. Mrs. M'Intire assisted in this work; and to her gathering and burning brush was not a novel employment. Yes, the ground occupied by the city in which I live and where I now write was cleared by her aid. Once in alluding in my hearing to the part she took in this work, she paused, and clasping her hands, and lifting her eyes heavenward, she said, "My blessed Savior did just such a work as that for my heart; he cleared away the underbrush of sin, and prepared my heart for the seeds of righteousness. He did it all! bless his holy name!" The first years of her life in Ohio were eminently years of toil, connected with many privations. They had to pack on horseback from Wheeling-not over roads, but through the woods-their salt and many articles of provision. We of the present day can scarcely imagine how the pioneers of the west subsisted, how they labored, and what they endured for us. To add to her toil, already sufficiently burdensome, she was compelled to accommodate the weary, wayworn, hungry traveler. For years this necessity was upon her, and cheerfully she submitted to these demands upon her labor, doubtless looking for the rest which cometh not in this life. Providence smiled upon their efforts, and after a time the horn of plenty was emptied into their lap.

At a period when no temporal comfort was wanting, no source of worldly pleasure denied, in the midst of friends, and surrounded with all that earth could give, Mrs. M'Intire became awakened to a sense of her need of an interest in the Savior of sinners. In 1810 she resolved to seek the salvation of God, and with a moral heroism, typing all her future life, she made public her resolve by joining the Methodist Episcopal Church. She sought and found the pearl of great price.

Her change was a visible one-a thorough and radical one. Fond as she had been of the pleasures of the world, and ardently as she loved the associates of her irreligious life, she paused not now to compromise with these, but, at whatever sacrifice it might require, she resolved to be a Christian. Having periled her life once to reach the fort with ammunition for the besieged, she now had moral courage to face the fiery darts of her spiritual adversaries, and to seek shelter and security in the city of refuge. Heaven smiled upon the effort, and the result was she became a happy Christian. Possessing indomitable energy of character and a true moral courage, she was prepared to furnish a bright example of the useful and the good in woman. And faithfully did she perform her part as a member of the household of faith; in every possible way she contributed to the advancement of the interests of the Church of God. Time was given her to acquire spiritual strength, and enlarge her spiritual treasures ere she should be severely tried.

In the spring of 1815 she buried the husband of her youth, and entered the vale, the gloomy vale, of widowhood. Then she learned the value of religion; then she shared its sweetest joys: the flower does not always give out its sweetest fragrance till severely pressed, and thus with religion.

Before Mr. M'Intire's death, with her knowledge and approval, he, by will, arranged that the proceeds of his property should be divided equally between his wife and daughter, with the proviso, that, in case the latter died without issue, her interest should go to the town of Zanesville, for the education of the children of the poor. The daughter did not long survive the father, and her interest in the estate has passed years since as by will provided, and has been devoted to the education of poor children. The will also provided that at the death of the wife all the property should go to the town of Zanesville. This estate is now the property of the city of Zanesville, and is worth several hundred thousand dollars. Thus the poor of this city for all time to come are to share the fruits of the toil and earnings of this estimable lady, who being dead, yet speaketh, and will speak to generations yet to come, by this noble charity. How enduring such a monument! Who can estimate the boon thus conferred upon the poor? How many a dark mind may be illumined-how many an intellect may, through this charity, be polished for usefulness, and sent out to bless the world!

In the fall of 1816 Mrs. M'Intire became the wife of Rev. David Young, of the Ohio conference. A new position was now to be occupied-a new field of labor and of usefulness was to be improved. She felt that grace alone could enable her to adorn her new sphere of life, and she sought and found the gracious aid. She knew that a part of her work was to lighten the burden and cheer the steps of her husband while fulfilling his high and holy mission. This she accomplished. She made his home a cheerful, happy resting-place, to which he might always turn with pleasure, assured that smiles, and cheer, and comfort awaited him there. She knew how to second his efforts in directing sinners to the cross of Christ; and many will be found, in the day of final reckoning, who will tell of her efforts, sanctified of God to their salvation-more than one star will deck her crown. It was her delight to point the penitent to the Savior, and join the Church in labor and in prayer for their conversion to God.

In her the poor always found a friend. Periods of her own history had learned her to sympathize with these. She grew not weary of listening to their solicitations for aid. Long as she lived, she cared for and ministered to the wants of the poor. Several of these, blessed by her munificence, came to gaze upon her cold clay form when robed for its sepulcher. Turning from the scene, they, with streaming eyes, said, "We have lost a friend!"

For years she was as an angel of mercy in the chamber of the afflicted, doing what she could to alleviate human suffering. Trained in the school of experience, she had gained much information that rendered her presence in the sick room very desirable.

The first time I met with Mrs. Young was in the fall of 1828, at her own house. I had just entered upon the duties of an itinerant Methodist preacher. Muskingum circuit was my field of labor, and the village of Putnam the preacher's home. Feeling like a stranger in a strange land, and desirous of gaining a better class of feelings than those that were oppressing me, I called to see my presiding elder-David Young-and was introduced to his wife. Learning who I was and what my work, and reading from my countenance the state of my mind, she very kindly sought to change my mental state. Such was the spirit of kindness and motherly affection with which she treated me, that I could not help but love her. She gained then a place in my affections that was never vacated. Scores of ministers, could they, would cheerfully join me, and say, "We, too, have shared her kind regards."

The two years I was stationed in Zanesville I lived in her family, and it was then and there I learned more fully and more accurately her moral worth. I never knew any one who with greater ease made all things about her tributary to some spiritual interest. She was fond of flowers, and, to some extent, cultivated them. Often, as she has been employed with them, have I heard her say, "My heavenly Father made these lovely flowers, and I admire them because they evince his power and skill." Then alluding to her heart, she would say, "Flowers and fruits of grace need daily care; and as I watch and water these, my Savior waters and nourishes those in my heart." known her to get shouting happy while dwelling on these subjects of reflection; and her seasons of refreshings were not "like angels' visits, few and far between." David did not more highly value the house of God and its services than did the subject of these remarks. She ardently loved the temple of God, and took great delight in waiting upon the Lord in the sanctuary. It was a pleasure to minister the word of life to her; she gave heed to what she heard, and often gave visible evidence that her soul was feasting upon the fatness of God's house-that her spirit was drinking of the river of his pleasure. She loved the Church of her choice, and appreciated those prudential means of moral culture which the Church affords. No company, no business of home, was permitted to detain her from the communion of saints as found in the class-room. There she trimmed her lamp; there she sought and obtained a fresh supply of oil for her vessel. Her closet duties, associated with reading the Scriptures, were never neglected; and often have I seen her come from these duties with the visible signs of having had sweet communion with the Friend of sinners.

Her love for the Church and her anxiety for its prosperity continued with her to the close of life. By affliction she was deprived for years of the

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public means of grace, and had granted her the privilege of learning to suffer, as well as do, the will of her heavenly Father. Her faith was tested, yet it did not fail. By her daily communion with God's word she feasted upon the exceeding great and precious promises therein contained. How interesting the exemplification of the power and purity of our holy religion as presented in the life and experience of the aged and afflicted Christian! The earthly tabernacle may give signs unmistakable of decay, "in the day when the keepers of the house may tremble, and the stones bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened;" yet the soul imbued with the spirit and power of religion gives no indications of decay. The leaf does not wither; the fruit does not decay; it is gathered ripe and fresh even in old age. It was so with Mrs. Young. She was a growing Christian to the last; her last days were her happiest days.

At her request, one week before her exit I administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper to her and a few friends who were requested to be present. To all it was an interesting occasion; to her it was a precious season of refreshing. Her cup of joy was full, and she gave utterance to her joy in the language of praise. A brother was present who had known her well, and worshiped with her for nearly forty years. He had recently buried the wife of his youth. When about to part with our friend, she took him by the hand, and, with a countenance expressive of the joy of her heart and the hope of her soul, she said, "I shall soon be with sister M. Yes, soon you and I shall join the blood-washed throng in heaven:

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'There all our toils are o'er,
Our sufferings and our pain;
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.'

I am happy! happy! happy! I shall soon be at rest." From that hour till the time of her release from earth all was joyous and happy—not a cloud—not a conflict. Like the summer sun setting without a cloud, so her sun went down to rise in that brighter, better world above.

We have lost; heaven has gained. The light of her example is quenched, the voice of her supplications for Zion's peace is hushed, in the silence of death. But heaven has gained a sanctified spirit to robe and crown, and then employ through all eternity in the wondrous praises of redeeming love

> "O may I triumph so, When all my warfare's past!"

THE religion of a sinner stands on two pillars; namely, what Christ did for us in the flesh, and what he performs in us by his Spirit. Most errors arise from an attempt to separate these two.

GOD'S WITNESSES.

BY ALICE CARY.

THE temples, palaces, and towers
Of the old time I may not see;
Nor 'neath my reverent tread thy flowers
Bend meekly down, Gethsemane.

By Jordan's waves I may not stand, Nor climb the hills of Galilee; Nor break with my poor, sinful hand The crozier of apostasy;

Nor pitch my tent 'neath Salem's sky As faith's impassioned fervor bids; Nor hear the wild-bird's startled cry From Egypt's awful pyramids.

I have not stood, and may not stand, Where Hermon's dews the blossoms feed, Nor where the flint-sparks light the sand Beneath the Arab lancer's steed.

Woe for the dark thread in my lot
That still hath kept my feet away,
From pressing toward the hallowed spot
Where Mary and the young child lay.

But though my life and death must be
Afar from pilgrim shrines like these,
Thy goodness, Lord, is shown to me
Through clouds of glorious witnesses.

For whether noontide's fervid rays
Like sickles on the hill-sides shine,
Or whether midnight's shadows blaze
With planets, all the light is thine.
And from each thought that heavenward springs,
And every good deed that we do,
To the great universe of things,
Thy love is burning, shining through.

PARTING FRIENDS.

BY REV. C. C. BEDELL,

Parting friends endure their anguish, Hoping soon again to meet; Ere the lofty spirits languish, Blest of heaven on earth to greet.

Every thought of each they cherish, Rural scene and pure delight; Uttered words will never perish; Leaving imprints fair and bright.

Long, not long are they in learning, Intervening days are years; While the long-delayed returning Fills the auxious mind with fears.

Haste, O haste! delaying seasons!
Bear along the tide of years;
Dissipate the many reasons
For these ever-flowing tears.

PRACTICAL PICTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY WM. T. COGGESHALL.

NUMBER IV.

PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS.

Thomas Cole was acknowledged during his lifetime, by the highest authority, to be worthy an honorable post among the greatest artists of the age. He began his career as a painter in America; but he was born in England, on the first day of February, in the year 1801. He was the youngest but one of eight children. His father was an embarrassed woolen manufacturer, who, a worthy citzen and an excellent friend, but not a prosperous business man, was always oppressed in the support of his family.

Thomas was taken from school at the age of fourteen, and was apprenticed to learn the art of engraving designs for calico printing. In 1819 his father emigrated to America, and opened a small dry-goods store in Philadelphia. Young Cole obtained employment as a wood engraver. His first employer was a rude man, who deeply wounded the delicate boy's sensibilities by calling him a wood-cutter. His father was unsuccessful, and removed to the state of Ohio, near Steubenville. Tho.nas remained in Philadelphia, and continued to work diligently at his business for a few months, when, by the kindness of a friend, he was enabled to make a voyage to the West Indies. On his return he joined his father in Ohio, and for two years assisted him in the manufacture of paper hangings.

Young Cole had always manifested a great fondness for rambling in the fields, or in the deep woods, or along the banks of some rippling stream. Communion with nature he sought eagerly; and it was not that he saw for himself any purpose in such walks, further than the immediate gratification they afforded him, till a painter visited Steubenville, and he had formed an intimate acquaintance with him. He saw the artist mix his colors and apply them; he read works of art which his friend lent him, and he aspired to transfer to canvas the visions of nature which were clear in his mind. He prepared his own canvas, constructed a rude easel and a few rough brushes, and began to paint. His success was indifferent; but he was not discouraged. He resolved to paint portraits till he had money enough to enable him to devote some time to the study of landscape painting; and with one dollar in his pocket, he left his father's house to seek faces to take. His luck was not good, and his heart was growing faint, when, at St. Clairsville, O., he found a man who agreed to give him a saddle for a portrait. His next task was the portraits of "an ugly looking militia officer, and a dapper tradesman, whose united pay for their pictures was an old silver watch and chain, and a key that turned out to be copper." He obtained one more commission at St. Clairsville, and that was to retouch one of the portraits painted by his predecessor. For this he received a pair of shoes and a dollar. Cole spent several weeks in that place; always hopeful, generally cheerful, frequently jovial, and a favorite with every body. At parting with his landlord, he handed to him the shoes, the watch, the key, and the saddle, in payment of his bill, and went on foot to Zanesville—a hundred miles distant—still with a dollar in his pocket.

His career at Zanesville was disheartening. He was fond of music, was a good flutist, and whenever his tone of mind was such as to render him desponding, he drove dull care away by companionship with his flute. He paid for his board, in part, at that town, by painting the landlord and all his family; but the rapacious man was still unsatisfied. Cole offered to paint him a historical picture. The landlord was inexorable, and threatened arrest, unless the sum of thirty-five dollars in cash was paid forthwith. Three young men of the village became security for the amount, and away went Cole to a town on the Scioto, seventyfive miles distant. Of this solitary walk he often related a touching incident. On the way he chanced to say aloud to himself, "Here goes poor Tom, with only a sixpence in his pocket." The sound of his own voice staggered him, and brought tears to his eyes. He sat down on a fallen tree, by the side of the road, took out his flute, chased away the evil spirit of melancholy with a lively air, and then resumed his journey with a light and merry heart. But he found no good fortune on the banks of the Scioto. He painted a few portraits-just enough for bread, not enough for clothing-and he left the last town with no money in his purse, and a borrowed shirt upon his back. Cole made up his mind to go to Philadelphia, which, for one in his circumstances, who expected to paint for a livelihood, must be regarded as a desperate, if not a heroic, resolution.

His father, whom Cole visited previous to his departure, thought it a mad undertaking; and so urgent were the parental remonstrances, that the artist himself was shaken in his resolve. While taking a solitary walk one day, unusually agitated by a conversation with his father, the question, "To go, or not to go," was settled in a simple and summary manner. Cole picked up two small pebbles, and said to himself aloud, "Well, I will put one of these stones upon the top of a stick; if I can throw and knock it off with the other, I will be a painter; if I miss it, I will give up the thought forever." Stepping back ten or twelve paces, he threw, and knocked it off, and, from that moment, his resolution was unalterable. In the month of November, 1823, with six dollars in money, a small trunk of inferior clothing, and a table-cover, which his mother threw over his shoulders at the moment

^{*} Concluded from page 268.

of parting, Thomas Cole set out for Philadelphia, to seek his fortune as an artist. The journey was long and wearisome, and, by the time of his arrival, winter was upon him—"the winter," as he used shudderingly to say, "of my discontent."

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The trials of that winter were severe enough to have discouraged any but a child of genius. He was the tenant of "a small upper room," as described by his biographer, Louis L. Noble, with no bed or bed-covering, but the table-cover which his thoughtful mother had given him; without fire, without furniture, without friends; subsisting literally on bread and water, and not always sure even of both of them. Inflammatory rheumatism partly disabled him; the cold benumbed his fingers; but his spirit was unconquerable. He contrived at length to procure a stove, which just enabled him to keep his hands in a painting condition; and in that garret, in such circumstances, the most laughable scenes-indeed, the only ones of the kind he ever painted-were executed. These pictures he sold for pitiful sums to barkeepers, oyster dealers, and barbers, and thus managed to keep life in his attenuated frame. His circumstances were in some degree alleviated at the end of the winter; but, during the eighteen months of his residence in Philadelphia, he remained a very poor and a very obscure man. He painted with his usual assiduity, and produced several pictures not altogether unworthy of his best days; but they attracted no attention among the patrons of art, and he was compelled to dispose of them at prices which did not remunerate him for the manual labor bestowed upon them. As he was carrying home, one day, a pair of landscapes, which he had painted for a gentleman, he was accosted by an artist, who asked him "what he had there." With much reluctance Cole permitted the stranger to examine the pictures, who at once inquired where he obtained them. "I painted them myself," said Cole. "Indeed!" said the stranger; "and how much do you ask for them." "Eleven dollars," was the reply. "Eleven dollars!" cried the stranger. "Is that all? Young man, you are doing wrong; you are lowering the art; it is by no means their value." These words, though meant as a rebuke, were among the few tokens of encouragement which greeted the hopeful painter in Philadelphia.

In the month of April, 1825, when Cole was in his twenty-fourth year, a friend who had become interested in his success induced him to remove to New York. His first studio there was a small garret, with only half of a small window, and scarcely large enough to allow the artist to retreat the requisite distance from the canvas. But in that half-lighted apartment he painted himself into fame. Short is the story of his triumph. He obtained permission of an acquaintance to place five pictures for exhibition in his store. Two of them were "Compositions:" one was called, "Composition—A Storm;" another was simply "A Tree;" and the fifth was a "Battle Piece." They were

sold for the sum of forty dollars, which at that time Cole considered a fair price. These pictures attracted attention, and procured commissions. The artist was thus enabled to paint three scenes from nature. Two or three artists, then of popular standing, commended these scenes, and Thomas Cole immediately became—compared with his past career—a prosperous painter. His genius was acknowledged. As the artist who produced the pictures representing "The Course of Empire" and "The Voyage of Life," he holds a prominent and permanent place in the art-history of America.

His biography may be instructively studied by any young man who thinks it easier to gain a livelihood in the genteel employment of a pencil than in the sturdy use of less delicate mechanical imple-Notwithstanding his great successes, Cole ments. was obliged, till the year he died, to paint little pictures-in which he took no pride-for the support of his family. When his mind was on high purposes, he often said, "Circumstances have waylaid and robbed me of much precious time." His health was broken by over-tasks, which were imposed upon him for a support, and which he imposed upon himself, in order to execute the noble designs his creative faculty prepared for the canvas. He died at the age of forty-seven.

When Congress had determined that the capital of the United States should preserve the memory of Andrew Jackson, in bronze, by means of an equestrian statue, the commission to execute it was given to a young man who had recently been a house plasterer at Charleston, S. C. He was comparatively unknown and almost friendless in Washington; but at Charleston he had executed a few plaster busts which were regarded as excellent likenesses, and he had cut in Carolina marble a bust of John C. Calhoun. This work he had chiseled into shape amid the gibes and sneers of the people. "What folly," they said, "for this plasterer to presume to sculpture marble like the great artists of Italy!" He shut himself up from their gaze; he hid himself from their sneers in his little shop till he had finished his task. He had never seen a great statue, the manner in which the sculptor does his work, nor the instrument he uses; yet with his own rude tools he produced a remarkable piece of sculpture. It was the admiration and astonishment of all. The city of Charleston, as an appreciation of the work, presented the artist with a gold medal, and placed the bust in the City Hall.

It was the energy and inventive resource displayed in this triumph which won Clark Mills the commission from Congress to execute the equestrian statue. When he had decided to undertake the work, he was not without misgivings as to his ability. He was not recognized in the world of art. Its schools and its authorities distrusted him. The amount offered for the statue was only twelve thousand dollars. It was not enough to remunerate the artist for his expenses, and he was without

capital; but, as he has himself related, he said, "I will work for a future—that shall be my reward." He informed the committee of his resolution. They desired him to make a miniature model. He returned to Charleston. His friends there were offended. They reproached him with presumption and folly; said "he was going to throw himself away," and "that he could never do such a work." It was in vain to appeal to them from what he had done—to point to the bust of Calhoun; they could not possess themselves of his idea, nor comprehend his capacity.

After eight months he produced his model. They were then satisfied he would succeed, and voluntarily offered to become his security. He returned to Washington. The committee approved of the model, and made a contract with him. They required security. Ten gentlemen were his bondsmen for the due performance of the work.

The statue was to be one-third larger than life. Congress voted five thousand dollars for a pedestal, and furnished the metal, which was old cannon, several of which Jackson had captured at the battle of New Orleans.

Mr. Mills had an imposing task before him, but he went to work with the will of a self-taught American, who has been tried in the furnace of adversity. On a vacant lot of Government ground, near the President's house, he erected a small frame building for a workshop and a residence. bought a horse, and trained him to present the attitude he wanted. He dissected horses. He studied the breed and character of different kinds of horses. He selected the various points of beauty and strength from them all to produce the bronze one. He studied the character of Jackson, and the best likenesses that could be found, so as to give a faithful representation of his illustrious subject. He took from the military dress of General Jackson, deposited in the Patent-Office, the model by which he clothed the hero. The very sword he wore, and every minutim of the saddle, holsters, bridle, and even buckles, is faithful to history. To model the group in plaster required not quite two years' labor. The model was exhibited to the public, and its beauty and symmetry admired; but critics, artists, and scientific men declared it could never stand. The statue was supported on its hind feet alone. All the celebrated equestrian statues in the world, represented as rampant, with the fore feet in the air, had been sustained by additional and extraneous means; generally by some prop or by fastening the tail to the pedestal, giving an unnatural attitude, and destroying the lifelike expression of the animal. People could not realize the fact that the first equestrian statue in America-executed by an untaught American artist-could be superior in this respect to all the art of the Old World. Mills, however, following the dictates of his own genius, had discovered that a natural horse to get in such a position must throw the center of gravity through the rider to

his hind feet. He staked his reputation on that principle, and, contrary to the predictions of the learned and scientific, triumphed.

The model finished, the next thing to be done was casting the statue. Mills had no foundery. He sent to different large founderies, in Pennsylvania and other places, and was told that such a work could not be cast in America, but that a foundery could be built for the purpose for twenty thousand dollars. He could not afford such a sum for the casting. Mr. Mills's means-his contract-would not enable him to go to Europe. Full of resources, with limited means, and in a small, miserable shanty he built a foundery upon a new principle, without a chimney, smoke-stack, or draught of any kind-an invention of his own. In that he cast his colossal statue. Of this foundery, as well as of balancing the statue, scientific men had said it was contrary to experience and to all the known rules of science. How could sufficient heat be generated to melt such a mass of metal without a draught? Mills proved by an experiment that it could be done. With three-eighths of a cord of wood he melted sixteen hundred pounds of metal and cast four bells. He found that with comparatively little fuel, and in a very small space, he could generate the most intense heat. He found also that he had increased the hardness, and, therefore, improved the quality of the metal by his furnace. He informed the Government of his discovery, thinking it would be very important in the manufacture of cannon. He proposed to cast a cannon, and have it tested by a board of competent officers. The Board of Ordnance treated his proposition with neglect and doubt. They said, "Mr. Mills was not a founder, and they could not entertain such a proposition from him." Such are the difficulties which beset the poor man who has public confidence to win.

Mr. Mills had proved himself to be an artist and a man of great inventive genius; but the practical business of the castings he had yet to learn. He could find numbers of laborers capable of casting in the ordinary way, or any small piece; but no one competent to cast so large a mass as his statue. which required uncommon skill and precision. He trusted in himself; he took from the streets ordinary laborers, and, as he instructed himself, he directed them. He made himself well acquainted with the principle and practice of casting metals. It was impossible, however, to foresee every thing. His idea of doing the work was correct, but his experience was insufficient. The sides of the horse were to be cast whole. He failed several times by unforeseen accidents. He was determined to have the whole perfect, and, at a great expense and loss of time, he continued to recast, till the month of October, 1852, when he finished the casting all complete. Considering the length of time such works consume in their execution in Europe, varying from five to twenty years, and the many casts which are often made there before a perfect one can be

obtained, we must be surprised that Mr. Mills succeeded so well, and performed his work in so short a time. Between the month of October and the 8th of January following, the day on which it was inaugurated, Mr. Mills put the statue together and placed it on its pedestal.

Then, amid the imposing ceremonies of the occasion, by the admiration which his work excited, was the artist repaid for all the labor required by the difficulties he had overcome. The work had cost nineteen thousand dollars. This was the actual expenditure, without reckoning Mr. Mills's five years' labor. Friends whom his application and determination brought to him had advanced money when the appropriation by Congress was expended.

We need not "point the moral" of Mr. Mills's career. It juts out, where he who reads most casually must perceive it.

The foregoing are but representative pictures of the careers of a large majority of the men who, in a greater or less degree, have won and are now winning public attention and the gratitude of lovers of art in America or in Europe as painters or sculptors. Many, however, it is quite clear, are indigent all their lives, not because they are not appreciated, nor because their works do not sell at good prices, but because the artists do not possess common-sense business habits, and are imprudently improvident.

In the career of an English painter, whose autobiography was published in 1853, a lesson to young artists and to young men and women generally is afforded, with which it is fitting to conclude this article. We refer to Benjamin Haydon, who died by his own hand, at the age of sixty one years—as the editor of his autobiography remarks—"after forty-two years of studies, strivings, conflicts, successes, imprisonments, appeals to ministers, to Parliament, to patrons, to the public, self-illusions, and disappointments."

It is well for genius to have an exalted ideal; it must cherish high aims and determine on great purposes, or it will not leave undying mementos of its having been; but genius must not forget that this a practical world, and that there are other exercises to be encouraged and observed in it besides hoping, sighing, and resolving. There are substantial as well as air-castles to be built. The world will not patronize what it does not want. The theorists who profess that all labor may be, in a "perfect social system," only pleasure, would lead their votaries into more perplexing mazes of difficulties than was Haydon, when, after having been several times arrested by creditors whose patience was wearied out, and only released by the aid of friends who helped him reluctantly, while he was living literally from day to day upon alms, he refused to paint portraits. High art was his ideal. It was his "pleasure" to execute works in the "grand style." He was a historical painter. A friend asked him, "Where is your 'Solomon,' Mr. Haydon?" "Hung up in a grocer's shop."

VOL. XIV .- 21

"Where your 'Jerusalem?'" "In a wareroom in Holborn." "Where your 'Lazarus?'" "In an upholsterer's shop in Mount-street." "And your 'Macbeth?'" "In Chancery." "Your 'Pharaoh?" "In an attic, pledged." "My God! And your 'Crucifixion?'" "In a hayloft." "And 'Silenus?" "Sold for half price."

Notwithstanding this fate for his "great pictures," he would only paint portraits—for which he could have all the orders he was able to fill—when the conviction, that unless he did take sitters his family must absolutely starve, forced him to labor. "Finished one cursed portrait," he writes; "have only one more to touch, and then I shall be free. I have an exquisite gratification in painting portraits wretchedly. I love to see the sitters look as if they thought, 'Can this be Haydon's, the great Haydon's, painting?' I chuckle: I am a rascal to take their money, and chuckle more."

In his Journal, which he says he wrote expressly for publication, he has, with full candor, laid before the world his daily circumstances, even to the misery of being without fire, candle, and food. After receiving an inconsiderable sum for two pictures which he had been years in painting, while supported by his father, he was obliged, in 1810, being deprived of that support, to borrow from a friend. "And here," he says-the italics are his own-"began debt and obligation, out of which I never have been, and never shall be extricated, as long as I live. I was," he adds, "a virtuous and diligent youth. I had no expensive habits of selfindulgence. I never touched wine, dined at reasonable chop-houses, lived principally-indeed always-in my study; worked, thought, painted, drew, and cleaned my own brushes, like the humblest student;" yet when fifty-seven years old, "with ten mouths to feed," he was driven in moody desperation to write in his Journal painful passages about thirty-eight years of bitter suffering, perpetual struggle, incessant industry, undaunted perseverance, four imprisonments, three ruins, and five petitions to the House-never letting the subject of state support rest, night or day, in prison or out; turning every thing before the public, and hanging it on this necessity-the wants of his family, the agonies of his wife.

Still scheming on grand projects, he endeavored to get out of debt, or provide means for immediate necessities, by putting all his works on exhibition. It was a miserable failure, and involved him more deeply in debt. The exhibition was open when "Tom Thumb" was popular in London. What bitterness there is in the following extract from his Journal:

"Tom Thumb had 12,000 people last week; B. R. Haydon 133½—the ½ a little girl. Exquisite taste of the English people!

"O God! bless methrough the evils of this day."
Mr. Haydon was like too many would-be reformers. He was stubbornly of the opinion that his standard was correct, and that "of the rest of

mankind" wrong. His merit was much more than ordinary, but his genius was not ample enough to elevate him above the imperative necessities of human nature. He would not recognize the common-sense advice of his friends, that his first duty was to earn, by the honest exercise of his profession, an honorable support for his family; consequently his life was a failure. In that failure there is a lesson and a warning.

Work is not play. No employment that is financially remunerative can be in all respects pleasurable. Genius does not exempt a man from the common duties of life, because it does not divest him of the earthy attributes of his race. The philosophy of existence exposes the absurdity of the socialistic cant, that if all men's tastes could be consulted, to none would labor be distasteful. This fine-spun theory, if put in practice, would soon stay the world's true progress. Philosophy and poetry would become "staples." Haydon died wretchedly by it—it is not fit to live by.

The mechanic succeeds by answering the wants of the people among whom he lives. The artist must succeed by answering their taste, unless he have power enough to create works which shall create taste; but till that power has secured its own recognition, he must not affect disregard of such labor as popular taste requires. Let the man who entertains grand designs first secure an independence by the exercise of the effective arts, and then, whether the world acknowledges the greatness of his schemes or not, he may devote himself to "high art," without suffering the inexpressible mortification, the sickening disappointment, the rasping tribulation, which destroyed Benjamin Haydon. It had been better for him, in the early part of his career, and, indeed, through every part of it, to perform that labor for which handsome reward was tendered him, than paint for his own "pleasure" exclusively, and perish in suicidal despair, leaving his family dependent upon the charity of those who had always remonstrated against the folly of his sufferings for "high art." There is the warning of his miserable failure: it says, devote your energies first toward pecuniary independence, at such labor as is in demand; then, if you have the genius for grand designs, you may develop them, and the world will not fail, sooner or later, to bestow praise, if not profit; for the lack of the latter, to self destruction you need not be driven.

GENIUS AND VIRTUE.

An affinity has been shown to exist between genius and virtue, and lofty aims are always blended with brilliant talents. The intelligence of intuition is an orb shining by its own light, but the practical sense of the world is like fire produced by the collision of flint and steel upon each other.

THE PEARL OYSTER-A MORAL LESSON.

A MEDITATIVE oyster sat in a cool, dreamy state of subdued bliss, with the doors of his "hard finished" house set ajar, for the pleasure of a seabath, of which he was exceedingly fond, and seemed the very picture of unsuspecting innocence. A philosopher, as cool and meditative, sat on a rock above, and for the hundredth time watched, for hours, the very deliberate operations of Mr. Oyster in his submarine armor. It seemed an even match of patience and imperturbable gravity. Your oyster is slow-blooded, slow-thoughted, and very much attached to his home and hole. Your philosopher is as slow-blooded, but not as slow-thoughted, and almost as firmly attached to the rock as your oyster. But philosophers have sometimes a wanton or careless freak, which no meditative oyster has been accused of; and our Solon was attacked with one of these, at the end of three hours of immovable meditation. His first symptom was to look about him, a symptom which in any other would have boded no danger. Then he selected a small pebble, which only looked suspicious by the accompanying action of a side squint cast below to the bed of reposing innocence. Then, with a carelessness which seemed like unconsciousness, but a steady aim which looked like malice, our philosopher let drop the pebble directly into the open valves of our submarine dreamer, who shut up his house with astonishing rapidity. Solon sprung to his feet smiling, and went his way, with no less show of vivacity than my oyster. Singular it was how much latent vigor lay in them both. Our abused innocent shed no tears; it seemed to him in its briny bed a work of supererogation to add salt water to the ocean. He seemed literally to pocket the insult, to lock the grief in his own heart, and shut his doors against the intrusion of weakening sympathy, and the extrusion of more weakening grief. But a silent change was going on within him; a smooth clear orb of his condensing tears closed about the wound, and a beautiful pearl was born. The grief which a more hasty and less meditative sufferer had blown out in sighs to cloud his own and his neighbor's sunshine, or spouted out in tears to swell the latent seeds of sorrow in human breasts-he, brave oyster that he was, swallowed down, and, by the alchemy of his sea-cool heart, transformed it to beauty and wealth. When exulting maidenhood wore the pearl over her throbbing heart, and men gazed on it as a fit symbol of her clear young soul, they forgot its deeper sense, thought not of it, as the pure crown and prize of victorious silent suffering, of pain endured in the mute solitudes of the forlorn deep!

The silent Master whom some call Fate, and some call Providence, let fall a pebble of annoyance, to the heart of my grave philosopher, on that side where it lay open to some sunny affections. If he started with a pang, it was but for a moment, then closed in the trouble to his inner chamber, locked it with the key of silence, and put the key

in his pocket of reserve. When years brought forth his stores of clear wisdom, hopeful, joy-giving, and beautiful, a thousand hearts were gladdened who never dreamed of the silent pain, and dumb, victorious endeavor that had been crystalized into those forms of worth and beauty. He said to himself, in the silence which now grew too sacred to mar for slight causes, "Is there not enough of inevitable grief, if I should stifle mine? Are the heavens too clear to mortals, that I should blur them with my sighing breath? No, I will not. My oyster gave me a pearl for a wanton wound, shall I not give back a purer heart and clearer-shining soul for the smitings of Paternal love?"

The patient wife enduring alienated love, or the cold misunderstanding of slower, duller sympathies, or worse, the growing brutality of a besotted husband, if she is vital enough, presents the saddest-sweet beauty of soul that human suffering ever evolved from human nature. So have been wrought as in fire, spirits clear as crystal, and beautiful in their mute solitudes as gems in the black caverns of earth. But, alas, for these most wealthy hearts! they are most easily broken. Affictions that fall too heavily crush the defenseless victim, and death, slow, dreadful death, alone can lend deliverance, and the pearls ripen in another sphere, and glow against the bosoms of the angels.

The spoken grief is divided, but is a sorrow still; the grief conquered in silence is crystallized to life-beauty, and sheds delight on others. All are not strong alike; and only the mightiest Heart could endure victoriously the heaviest sorrow. From the awful solitudes, and the silent, sacred agony of that One Heart, was evolved the Priceless Pearl, to make the impoverished world richer than ever with its infinite wealth. Reverently down from the mirth-wrinkled surface, where the light breezes play, to solemn deeps, profounder than Atlantic's or Pacific's heart, I have dived for the rich moral. Such is life.

Silent endurance is the soul's mother of pearl. Let it give back, not the keen pain, but the birth of beauty, that feebler souls may grow strong, and young joy be yet more glad in its loveliness.

THE HEART AND ITS TIDES.

The heart has its tides as the water hath. They are governed by different laws, but equally wonderful and mysterious. They rise and fall, they ebb and flow, as do those upon the strand. According to their operations are our meditations and our actions regulated. Cheerfulness and mirth attend their ascent, depression and sorrow wait upon their decadence. There are those in whose bosoms the tide-mark is almost maintained; but these are the aloe-blossoms of our humanity. With the most it is low-water. The great principles and springs of our being are universal.

A FAREWELL TO THE LYRE.

BY MRS. M. B. HARLAN.

I would not strike the lyre again
Amid those scenes of wrong,
Where such a weight of care and pain
Attends the child of song;
For mine would wake a mournful tone,
Breathing of joys forever flown.

When in mine own sweet home afar, I sung in other days, A father and a mother dear Approved my rustic lays; But there where I may never weep, Beneath the silent turf they sleep.

Brothers and sisters then I had,
Who prized my simple lay;
But some are in the cold earth laid,
And some are far away;
And sorrow hovers in the shade
Where we in joyous childhood played.

And I had friends, beloved and dear, In those far happier days, Who oft inspired and loved to hear My unpretending lays; But some to distant climes are fled, And others slumber with the dead.

And that sweet harp whose gladness rung
Through parlor and through hall,
Now all neglected and unstrung,
Hangs silent on the wall,
And all its thrilling tones are o'er,
For I shall touch its chords no more.

There flowers of every form and hue I reared with tender care,
Which drank at eve the summer dew,
And scented the cool air;
But they in cold neglect are laid
Beneath the spoiler's hand to fade.

And the rich tones from groves and streams,
How very sweet they were!
Never again but in my dreams,
Shall I such glad notes hear:
And wherefore did their music come?
They breathed around my own sweet home.

And there were many scenes of mirth
That oft inspired my song,
'Mid the gay circle round the hearth,
When winter nights grew long;
But all these joyous scenes are flown,
That happy circle broken—gone.

But where no parting sounds shall come, In a pure world of bliss, I'll find a sweeter, happier home Than I have lost in this; And I shall strike my lyre again When grief shall mingle not its strain. "MUSIC HATH CHARMS"—ILLUSTRATIVE ANEC-DOTES.

FROM THE EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

Our engraving is suggestive of incidents illustrating the power of music upon man under various circumstances, and also upon the brute creation.

Shakspeare says, music can

"Ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility."

Congreve, with still higher emphasis, exclaims:

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend the knotted oak."

The Jesuit missionary, Nolrega, in Brazil, had a school, where he instructed the native children, the orphans from Portugal, and the mestizoes, or mixed breed. Among other things, they were trained to sing the Church service, assisting at mass, and leading processions through the town. The natives were passionately fond of music; and the singing of the children had such an effect upon them, that Nolrega began to think that the fable of Orpheus was a type of his mission, and that by songs he was to convert Brazil. On his preaching excursions, he usually took four or five of these little children with him. When they approached an inhabited place, one carried the crucifix before them, and they all would march forward singing the litany. The savages, like snakes, were won by the voice of the charmer; they received him joyfully; and when he departed with the same ceremony, the children followed the music. He set the catechism, creed, and ordinary prayers to sol fa; and the pleasure of learning to sing was such a temptation that the little youngsters sometimes ran away from their parents to put themselves under the care of the Jesuit.

At an early period in the history of our own country, another Jesuit missionary once came into the company of certain ignorant and fierce Indians. He met with a rude and menacing reception, and every thing seemed ominous of evil. Knowing that discussion would do no good, he immediately commenced playing on a stringed instrument. At once their feelings seemed softened, the dark and fierce expression of their countenances relaxed, and the spirit of jealousy and anger disappeared. The spring of humanity in their natures was unsealed. Their "savage ears" had been ravished, and "mild humility" had been planted in their hearts.

A singular manifestation of the love of untutored savages for music is exhibited in the following curious story: A party of Cossacks once entered a church at Dresden, attracted by the sound of the organ. While it was being played they continued silent and attentive; but no sooner did the music cease, and the clergyman commence his service, than they began to exhibit strong signs of impatience. At length one of those rude soldiers, stealing softly up the steps of the pulpit, unobserved by the minister, startled him not a little by tapping him on the shoulder, in the midst of his harangue, and inviting as well as he could by signs, accompanied by all sorts of grotesque gestures, to cease interrupting the organ.

Marville has given us the following curious anecdote relating to the influence of music upon domestic animals. He says that "doubting the truth of the assertion that it is natural for us to love music, especially the sound of instruments, and that beasts themselves are touched with it, being in the country one day, I inquired into the truth of it. While a man was playing on a trump marine, I made my observations on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, some cows, several small birds, and several hens, all of whom were in the yard under the window on which I was leaning. I did not perceive that the cat was affected in the least, and I even judged, by her air, that she would have given all the music in the world for a mouse. The horse stopped short, from time to time, before the window as he was grazing about, every now and then raising up his head as if to make an observation. The dog continued over an hour seated on his hind legs, looking steadfastly at the player, and manifestly powerfully entranced by the music. The ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched; but continued persistently nibbling his thistles. The hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive. The cows seemed to be lulled into a slumber for a little while, and then, after exchanging looks as of friendly recognition, passed by. The hens plied their vocation upon the dunghill with unceasing assiduity, giving no indication that they considered our music worthy of attention, or that it afforded them the least pleasure. The little birds that were in the aviary, and others on the trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats with singing. They seemed bent upon vieing with the trump marine."

We may add mice to the catalogue of animals susceptible of being affected by "the concord of sweet sounds." A French officer, during his confinement in the Bastile, used to amuse himself with playing on the lute. While thus diverting his melancholy one day, he observed several mice creeping forth from their holes, and becoming attentive listeners to his strains. He repeated the experiment several times with the same effect, and often found relief and entertainment in observing the attentive audience he could assemble whenever he pleased.

The influence of music on the serpent race is well known. A modern traveler assures us that he has often seen in the island of Madeira that the lizards are attracted by the notes of music, and that he has assembled a number of them by the powers of his instrument. He tells us also that when the negroes catch them for food, they accompany the chase by whistling some tune, which always has the effect of drawing great numbers

toward them. Stedman, in his expedition to Surrinam, describes certain sibyls among the negroes, who, among several singular practices, can charm or conjure down from the tree certain serpents, who will wreathe about the arms, neck, and breast of the pretended sorceress, listening to her voice; and nothing, says he, is more notorious than that the Eastern Indians will rid the houses of the most venomous snakes by charming them with the sound of a flute, which calls them out of their holes. These singular facts are fully authenticated by Sir William Jones in his dissertation on the musical modes of the Hindoos.

The following story, though it may seem almost incredible, is related by a distinguished officer in the service of the British East India Company: "A traveling fakir," he says, "called one day at my house, with a beautiful large snake in a basket, which he caused to rise up and dance, as well as keep excellent time to the tune of a pipe, on which he played. Having been greatly annoyed by numerous snakes about my farm-yard, who contrived to destroy my poultry, and even attacked the animals, one of my servants inquired of the man whether he could pipe these snakes out of their holes and catch them; to which he hastily replied in the affirmative; and being led to the place where the snake had recently been seen, he began to play upon his pipe. In a short time a snake came gliding toward him, and was instantly caught. He commenced again, and had not continued five minutes when a huge cobra da capello, the most venomous kind of serpent, thrust his head from a hole in the room. The magician approached him fearlessly, and played with more spirit, till the snake was half out of his hole, and was ready to dart at him. He then played with one hand only, and advanced the other under the reptile as it was raising itself to spring. As the snake darted at him, he dexterously seized it by the tail, and the servant soon dispatched it. In the course of an hour no less than five snakes had been dispatched in the same way."

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We don't know but the subduing of an unfeeling creditor by the charms of music is as great an achievement as that of subduing a serpent. It is related of Filippo Palma, the celebrated singer, having been arrested by one of his largest and most enraged creditors, from whom he had been long skulking, made no other reply to his abuse and threats than by sitting down by the harpsichord, and singing two or three of his most pleasing and touching airs to his own accompaniments. The fiery spirit of his creditor was gradually subdued, and that so completely, that he not only forgave the poor singer, but absolutely loaned him ten guineas to enable him to silence the clamor of other creditors who were threatening him with a jail.

A curious anecdote is related of Senesino and Farinelli. It had so happened that no opportunity of hearing each other had ever occurred till they were both employed to sing together upon the same stage. Senesino had the part of a furious tyrant to represent, and Farinelli that of an unfortunate hero in chains. But in the course of the very first song the latter so softened the heart of the enraged tyrant, that Senesino, forgetting his assumed character, ran to Farinelli and embraced him.

Mr. Bryant, in his "Letters of a Traveler," describes the operations in a large tobacco factory he visited. There were employed in it nearly a hundred negroes, who by a systematic process prepared the article for market. "As we entered the room," says he, "we heard a murmur of psalmody running through the sable assembly, which now and then swelled into a strain of tolerable music.

'Verse sweetens toil,'

says the stanza which Dr. Johnson was so fond of quoting; and really it is so good that I will transcribe the whole of it:

'Verse sweetens toil however rude the sound; All at her work the village maiden sings, Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around, Revolves the sad necessitude of things.'"

Few persons but have felt the power of the inspiring strains of martial music. Napoleon, confessedly the most consummate commander that ever lifted the sword, who by his tactics outgeneraled all Europe, had a strict regard to the pieces of music that were played by the soldiery on particular occasions. Certain tunes were at times prohibited; others used only under peculiar circumstances; and others retained for the final charge. It is stated that when making his famous passage of the Alps, under circumstances the most appalling and dreadful, when surrounded by ice, overwhelmed by snow, and chilled by the freezing cold, the brave soldiers came at last to a dead halt, and death seemed inevitable. Just then Napoleon ordered the whole band to peal forth the charge to battle. The soldiers felt the inspiration, rushed forward with invincible energy, and surmounted the difficulty. .

. . Thus, also, the "home music" of the Swiss had to be totally forbidden, because of its influence upon the Swiss soldiers in the Imperial army. .

. At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, while the British troops were retreating in great disorder, the general complained to a field-officer in Fraser's regiment of the bad behavior of his corps. "Sir," said he, with some warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play this morning; nothing encourages the Highlanders so much in the day of action. Nay, even now they would be of use." "Let them blow then," replied the general. Instantly the pipers were ordered to play a favorite martial air; and the Highlanders, the moment they heard the music, returned to the conflict, formed in the van, and rushed into the thickest of the fight.

Another illustrative anecdote must close our chapter. An American judge who was present at the battle of Yorktown, on the following morning, from curiosity, attended the dressing of the wounded. Among others whose limbs were so wounded as to require amputation was a musician, who had received a musket-ball in the knee. As was usual in such cases, preparation was made to lash him down to the table to prevent the possibility of his moving. Says the sufferer, "Now, doctor, what would you be at?"

"My lad, I am going to take off your leg, and it is necessary you should be lashed down."

"I'll consent to no such thing. You may pluck the heart from my bosom, but you'll not confine me. Is there a fiddle in the camp? If so, bring it to me."

A violin was brought, and after carefully tuning it, turning to the doctor, he said, "Now, doctor, begin."

The operation took about forty minutes; but the poor fellow continued to play, without missing a note or moving a muscle, till it was completed.

OUR MOTHERS AND THEIR DAUGHTERS.

BY WILLIAM HOBATIO BARWES.

EMBALMED in the deep chambers
Of their children's heart of hearts,
Is the memory of our mothers
Who acted hero-parts
In that dark night of trial,
When clouds were overhead,
And homes were changed by foemen
To charnels of the dead.

When Heaven's earth-born angels
By our noble fathers stood,
Strong in the God of battles
Was the glorious sisterhood.
The clouds of carnage vanished,
The sky was clear again,
And waves of peaceful sunlight
Flashed o'er the happy plain.

And in the brilliant dawning
Of the morn expected long,
Our mothers were the singers
Of Freedom's matin-song.
Then let their names be sacred
In every coming age,
Joined with the patriot-heroes

Upon historic page!

And now upon the daughters
Of the heroines of old
Has fallen the rich dowry
Of a loving heart and bold.
Yes, they will pour their life-blood
On Freedom's blessed shore
Before they blight the laurels
Their mothers gained of yore!

They would not lead your armies, Nor guide the ship of state,

Nor mingle in the tumult And struggle of debate; But they would join the battle Which now is being fought-The bloodless mental warfare Upon the field of thought. Yes, they would join their fathers And brothers on the field Where yet has never musket Nor cannon-thunder pealed, And where the light of glory Beams from the victor's eye, Whose living wreath of laurels Shall never fade and die! But man has walked forth lonely Upon the fields of thought, And in the gloom of solitude The gems of mind has sought. This is the prayer of woman, That with him she may stand When he goes forth to conquer The glorious mental land! Yes, she would gather flowers In Tempe's classic vale, And on the silver waters Extend her mystic sail, And make a voyage of conquest To the undiscovered land, Where Truth's effulgent caverns Are bright with golden sand; Where from deep-gushing fountains Immortal pleasures flow, And golden boughs of science With fruit are bended low: Where ever harps eolian, Inspired by the wind, Discourse the martial music For warfare of the mind! There is mustering an army In our glorious western land-Columbia's fair daughters, A great and brilliant band, And written on their standards, By a million hands unfurled, This motto greets the vision: "The right to seek for knowledge-The right to bless the world!"

THERE IS A HOLIER CLIME.

There is a holier clime than ours,
Where no rude storms are driven
Across our path, to blight the flowers,
Or crush the hopes of sunny hours—
For this pure clime is heaven.
Then, when life's fountains cease to play,
And being's link is riven,
O, may our spirits soar away,
And bathe in glory's brightest ray,
Around the throne of Heaven!

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

THE VESSEL WEECKED.—"Shall you anchor off to sympathize in such amusement; but we supposed it must be peculiar to himself, and endeavored to

"I mean to be in dock with the morning tide," was the captain's brief reply.

"I thought, perhaps, you would telegraph for a pilot," returned a passenger.

"I am my own pilot, sir," and the captain whistled

contemptuously.

"He is in one of his daring humors; and I'll bet any thing you like that he takes the narrow channel," quietly remarked a sailor as he passed us to execute some order.

"Is it dangerous?" asked the same passenger, uneasily.

"Very, in a gale; and there's one coming, or I'm no sailor," replied the man; "but if any man can do it, it's himself. Only he might boast once too often, you know."

Evening came, and the gale was becoming what the sailors called "pretty stiff," when the mate touched my arm, rousing me from a pleasant reverie, in which smiling welcomes home held prominent

"We are going in by the narrow channel, sir," said he: "and, with this wind increasing, we may be dashed to pieces on the sand-bank. It is fool-hardiness, to say the least. Can not you passengers compel him to take the safer course?"

I felt alarmed, and hastily communicated with two or three gentlemen; and proceeding together to the captain, we respectfully urged our wishes, and promised to represent any delay caused by the alteration of his own course as a condescension to our anxious apprehensions.

But, as I anticipated, he was immovable. "We shall be in dock to-morrow morning, gentlemen," said he. "There is no danger whatever. Go to sleep as usual, and I'll engage to awake you with a land-salute." Then he laughed at our cowardice, took offense at our presumption, and, finally, swore that he would do as he chose; that his life was as valuable as ours, and he would not be dictated to by a set of cowardly landsmen.

We retired, but not to rest; and in half an hour the mate again approached, saying, "We are in for it now; and if the gale increases, we shall have work to do that we did not expect."

Night advanced, cold and cheerless. The few who were apprehensive of danger remained on deck, holding on by the ropes to keep ourselves from being washed overboard. The captain came up, equipped for night duty; and his hoarse shout in the issue of command was with difficulty heard in the wild confusion of the elements; but he stood calm and self-possessed, sometimes sneering at our folly, and apparently enjoying himself extremely, surrounded by flapping sails, straining timbers, and the ceaseless roar of winds and waves. We wished we were able

to sympathize in such amusement; but we supposed it must be peculiar to himself, and endeavored to take courage from his fearless demeanor. But presently there arose a cry of "Breakers ahead!" The captain flew to the wheel; the sails were struck: but the winds had the mastery, and the captain found a will that could defy his own.

"Boats, make ready!" was the next hurried cry; but, as too often occurs in the moment of danger, the ropes and chains were so entangled that some delay followed the attempt to lower them: and, in the mean time, we were hurrying on to destruction. The passengers from below came rushing on deck in terror, amidst crashing masts and entangled rigging: and then came the thrilling shock, which gave warning that we had touched the bank: and the next was the fatal plunge that struck the foreship deep into the sand, and left us to be shattered there at the wild waves' pleasure.

It is needless to dwell upon the terrors of that fearful night. I was among the few who contrived to manage the only boat which survived; and scarcely had I landed with the morning light, surrounded by bodies of the dead, and fragments of the wreck, borne up by the rising tide, ere I recognized the lifeless body of our wilful, self-confident captain.

He was like one of those who, on the voyage of life, refuse counsel and despise instruction; who practically recognize no will but their own; who are wise in their own conceits, and satisfied with their own judgment, and trust in their own hearts; and, if left to be filled with their own ways, must make frightful shipwreck just when they suppose themselves aure of port. And as this mistaken man was accompanied into eternity by those whose lives he had endangered and destroyed, so no man lives or dies unto himself, but bears with him, when all self-deception ends, the aggravated guilt of others' ruin, through the influence of his own evil precept and example.

God's Method in Repaying Men's Gifts.—There was a good man and his wife in Hampshire; they were in humble circumstances, but felt their obligations to Divine grace, and gave a helping hand to the plans which were formed for the conversion of sinners. At last the man began to reason with his wife that they were going behind, and must do less. She still urged that while so many were perishing around them they should not relax, saying that they must trust to the Lord, who could make it up to them in a way they least expected; and they still kept on doing good, and the Lord did appear for them in a way they least expected.

They had a profligate son who had for many years been the grief of their hearts, who had impoverished their substance by draining them of all the money he could procure from them. Shortly after the circumstance to which I have adverted, a letter came from this son. The mother opened it; her heart yearned over her son, though he had well nigh broken it. The letter was too much for her; she laid it aside till her husband returned from labor, and then she told him, "Here is a letter from our son."

"O," said he, "do not give it to me; I suppose it is only asking for more money to consume upon his

However, on her entreating, he took it and began to read it; and soon the big drops rolled down his cheeks, when he found it filled with confessions of penitence for his sins; for the word of God had come to his soul, and he had become a new creature; and he now declared that it would be his endeavor to study their happiness, and as long as he had hands to work to contribute to their support during the remainder of their lives.

My Conversion .- In my sixteenth year, by the instrumentality of a sermon preached by a student, a stranger, I was shaken like a reed before a storm. Never shall I forget that Lord's day. But, singular as it may seem, it is a fact, that I have no recollection, and never had, either of the preacher's text or his subject; I only remember that I was absorbed in what he said. I felt overwhelmed with terror, as if an invisible hand had seized my soul, and was dragging it to judgment. I became faint; darkness seemed to gather around me. At the close of the service I went home, as it were, unconsciously. I spoke to no one, and did not dare to lift my eyes from my feet, as I expected the earth to open and The commotion of my soul was altoswallow me. gether such as language can not describe. I crept to my room, locked the door, and fell upon my knees; but no words came. I could not pray. The perspiration was oozing from every pore.

How long I lay on my knees I know not; happily, this fearful agony of mind did not last long, or I should have died. Some hours elapsed—hours like ages; in which I felt myself before the throne of righteous judgment, and while the process was going on I was dumb. Had the salvation of my soul depended upon a word I could not have uttered it. But He who had smitten graciously healed. As if they had been slowly unfolded before me, there appeared these never-to-be-forgotten words: "The blood of Jesus Christ Cleanerth US from all sin."

I had read and heard these wonderful words often, but now they appeared new to me. I gazed, believed, loved, and embraced them. The crisis was past. A flood of tears rushed from my eyes; my tongue was set at liberty. I prayed, and perhaps it was the first time in my life that I really did pray.

For three days after this I was filled with indescribable joy. I thought I saw heaven, with its blessed inhabitants, and its glorious King. I thought he was looking on me with unuterable compassion, and that I recognized him as Jesus my Savior, who had laid me under eternal obligation. The world, and all its concerns, appeared utterly worthless. The conduct of ungodly men filled me with grief and pity. I saw every thing in an entirely new light: a strong desire to fly to heathen lands, that I might preach the good news to idolaters, filled my heart. I longed to speak about the grand discovery I had made, and felt assured that I had but to open my

lips to convince every one of the infinite grace of Christ, and the infinite value of salvation. And I thought my troubles over, and that, henceforth, the same scenes of joy and hallowed peace were to pass before my eyes, and fill my heart.

But, alas! I was mistaken. I had to come down from this mount of transfiguration-and a terrible descent it was! I had to learn the bitter lesson of my depravity, and to go through a flery baptism. Many months of dark and fearful thoughts were before me. I have said that I had not previously doubted, and therefore, strictly speaking, I had not really believed. Temptations to sin beset me. Passions, of whose existence I scarcely knew, grew up within me like fierce giants, who would neither be controlled nor refuted. The more I prayed, the flercer became the conflict. A real struggle ensued. Skepticism came down upon me like a pestilential cloud. Some evil voice followed me with the cry, that the Bible is false, Christianity a fable, Jesus not the Savior, souls not immortal! All the past, it was suggested, was a delusion. I had only been in a dream. It was the fervid manner of the young preacher that excited me. I had never been converted. To yield to what was called sin could not be wrong, as the indulgence of natural inclinations could not be objected to by the Creator. Thus I was beset occasionally, and at intervals, for a long period. At other times, the thought that I had sinned away the day of grace would fill me with dismay and terrible forebodings. I felt that I had been a greater sinner after my deep religious convictions than before.

I need not further describe my melancholy state of mind. Suffice it to say, that all this time I was enabled to keep close to the house and people of the Lord, openly to profess faith in Him, and to persevere, though often with a heavy heart, in the path which my conscience declared to be right. Alas! the faults, the failings, the sins of heart and life; but the grand Scripture which relieved me on that memorable Sabbath day is my relief and my plea in view of them all; a relief sufficient, and a plea that will not be rejected.—Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister.

MUSINGS OF A CHRISTIAN AS HE LOOKED DOWN THE BANKS OF JORDAN.-The following sketch was recorded verbatim from the lips of a dear friend of ours, not many days before his own descent into the Jordan waters: "I saw a Christian tending unto Jordan. His mind, like mine, was filled with clouds and dread about the passage. For I had thought there were no flowers along its banks, no birds among the leafless trees; and that the waters roared and howled most mournfully. So I watched him, as God led his footsteps to the border of the stream. I saw his eye kindle and his face glow, as he saw the palms casting their shadows-shedding their pleasant fruit, brightened with a celestial radiance. I heard the song of birds, and the heavenly murmur of the waters. He wandered on beneath the shade. His countenance grew more serene; he sat him down and fell asleep in Jesus-and he was over Jordan."

REPENTANCE.—There are two kinds of repentance: one is that of Judas, the other that of Peter; the one is "ice broken, the other ice melted." Repentance unto life, will be repentance in the life.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religions.

Consumption.—Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, it is said, has been working wonders with consumptive patients, by having them well rubbed with warm clive oil. Some of the patients have increased thirteen pounds in weight in seven or eight weeks.

HUGE FOSSIL .- A correspondent of the Chicago Democratic Press gives the following account of an enormous fossil, recently discovered: "I have a specimen from which you might judge the size of some herbiverous animal that formerly stalked on this globe. It is the half of the lower jaw-bone of a beast similar to an ox. There is no place for front teeth. The piece in my possession has three double teeth, set close together, and never held more. Lengthwise of the jaw, the teeth measure fifteen inches; two of them are solid; the smallest is loose, and has four proper roots, is a cube four inches each way, and weighs two pounds. The largest tooth is seven inches long. The whole bone is two feet long, and weighs forty pounds. There is a hole one inch in diameter through its entire length. It was found some time since under the roots of a tree, near Terre Coupee, Michigan."

LARGEST EUROPEAN CHURCH.—The largest church in Europe is at St. Petersburg. It was begun in 1771, and in twenty years two thousand men had not finished its walls. It is of polished marble, both outside and in; the pillars are of one piece, fifty feet high; the base and capitals of solid silver.

AFRICAN TRAVELERS.—The following is a neerology of those who, in a comparatively few years, have sacrificed their lives in attempts to penetrate the mystery of the African continent:

Ledyard died at Cairo in 1788.

Harneman died of fever, in Central Africa, between 1802 and 1818.

Mungo Park was killed at Boussa 1805.

Burkhardt died at Cairo in 1817. He had adopted Mohammedanism for his protection.

Ritchie died at Mourzuk in 1819.

Bowditch died of exhaustion in 1824.

Major Laing was killed near Timbuctoo in 1826. Oudney died at Nurmur, from a cold, in 1824.

Clapperton died of dysentery, at Siccatoo, in 1827. To these are to be added the names of Davidson and Richardson.

A CALIFORNIA LAKE.—The Placerville Herald says that Lake Bigler is one of the curiosities of California. It is a lake fifty miles long and from ten to twenty miles in width, situated between two distinct ridges of the Sierra Nevada, and but about one and a half miles north of the road to Carson's Valley. Its wildly beautiful and romantic shores are lined with forests, and its waters, which never freeze, although surrounded by snow during a great part of the year, abound in many varieties of fish, among which the salmon and speckled trout predominate. So clear are its waters that the objects on the bottom are distinctly visible at a depth of thirty or forty feet. Upon the eastern side of the lake is a vast cavern,

extending to an unknown distance into the heart of the mountain. The entrance is arched in a peculiar manner, and the place, which has never been explored, is believed by the Indians to be the abode of the evil spirits of the mountains.

A Feather in his Car.—Among the ancient warriors it was customary to honor such of their followers as distinguished themselves in battle, by presenting them with a feather for their caps, which, when not in armor, was the covering of their heads; and no one was permitted that privilege who had not achieved victories. From this custom arose the saying, when a person has effected a meritorious action, that it will be "a feather in his cap."

UTILITY OF BEARDS.—Each hair composing the human beard is furnished with a distinct gland, elaborately and beautifully complete. Underneath are innumerable nerves, immediately connected with the various organs of the senses ramifying in every direction, and performing important functions. This hair, when in full growth, forms a natural protection to the nerves, and also holds, as it were, in suspension, a quantity of warm air, through which the cold air in breathing passes, and then becomes rarefied and attempered, and fit to come in contact with the lungs.

GUTTA PERCHA SPEAKING TUBES.—One of the most convenient new inventions is the speaking tube of gutta percha. In London an experiment was tried with a tube seven miles in length, and it was entirely successful. A tune was played at the same time, which gave great amusement to the bystanders. This tube is now introduced into many of our first class dwellings, etc., and as alarm whistles are fixed to the apparatus, no doubt their introduction will become general.

JEWS IN THIS COUNTEY.—A correspondent of the New York Times says that there are not less than sixty-five synagogues in the states, sixteen of which are in New York. The whole number of Israelites in the Union is not less than 60,000, of whom 30,000 reside in New York.

CATHOLICS IN THIS COUNTRY.—The census returns show that there are in this country 1,221 Catholic churches. The Catholic Almanae estimates the number of their sect here at 2,100,000. About one in twelve of the American people are Roman Catholic, and about one in ten of the whole population.

Precocious Intellect.—Sir Isaac Newton, at the age of twenty-five, discovered the new principles of the reflecting telescope, the laws of gravitation, and the planetary system.

SINGULAR TOMB.—In the cemetery at Nuremburg, I remember one tomb to the memory of a beautiful girl, who was killed as she lay asleep in her father's garden, by a lizard creeping into her mouth. The story is represented in bronze bas-relief, and the lizard is so constructed as to move when touched.

Lost Arr.—If we may credit a story told in the Jesuit's Letters, the Chinese have now lost a curious

secret. They knew formerly how to paint their porcelain with fishes and other creatures, in such a manner, that these figures never appeared to the eye till the vases were filled with liquor.

THE CHINESE INSURRECTION.—Mr. John Kerson, of the British Museum, London, has written a book entitled the Cross and the Dragon; or, the Fortunes of Christianity in China, in which he takes the ground that the influence of religion in the movement is far less than has been generally supposed, and that political feelings form the chief elements in the insurrection.

RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE.—As so many valuable monuments to the truth of history have been discovered by the researches in Egypt and Assyria, a society has recently been organized in England, called the Palestine Archæological Association, whose object will be to examine and study the antiquities of the holy land.

The Solar Rays.—Arago's opinion that the rays from the sun's center possess a more intense chemical action than those from its edges, has been prettily confirmed by means of photography—pictures of the sun's disc, taken by means of a comparatively insensible medium, invariably displaying a striking difference of intensity of tint between the edge and the center.

TEETH DESTROYER .- The great and all-powerful destroyer of the human teeth is acid, vegetable or mineral; and it matters not whether that acid is formed in the mouth, by the decomposition of particles of food left between and around the teeth, or whether it is applied directly to the organs themselves, the result is the same-the enamel is dissolved, corroded, and the tooth destroyed. Much, very much of the decay in teeth may be attributed to the corrosive effects of acetic acid, which is not only in common use as a condiment, in the form of vinegar, but is generated by the decay and decomposition of any and every variety of vegetable matter. When we consider how very few persons, comparatively, take especial pains to remove every particle of food from between and around their teeth immediately after eating, can we wonder that diseased teeth are so

YANKEE CALCULATION.—The Hallowell Gazette says that some cute Yankee has estimated that the ocean contains 26,000,000 of cubic luiles of water—a quantity about equal to that which all the rivers of the earth would disgorge in 40,000 years. The amount of heat received from the sun in a single year would be sufficient, if equally distributed, to melt a crust of ice thirty-two feet thick, enveloping the whole earth. According to the technical reckoning, the solar heat which annually rises from the seawater in the form of vapor would, if properly directed, exert an influence equal to sixteen billions of horse-power.

IGE CAVES.—Dr. Kane, in his recent work on the arctic expedition, gives the following account of the ice caves, and their echoes: "Some of the bergs were worn in deep, vault-like chasms, through which a way was practicable to broader caverns within. In the crystal solitudes echoes were startling."

GEORGE STEPHENSON .- George Stephenson, the celebrated engineer, whose statue now stands in the Euston station, London, was in early life a collier, working for his daily bread in the bowels of the earth. In his leisure hours he mended watches, that his son might have the blessings of education. While his fame as a mechanical and civil engineer was still in its infancy, he elaborated experimentally the same results as to the safety-lamp, which Sir Humphrey Davy reached by the process of philosophical induction. The tramways of the coal mines and the rude forms of the first locomotive engines grew under the strokes of his vigorous intellect into a mighty system. By combining the blast-pipe with the tubular boiler, he first endowed the locomotive with its tremendous speed. During his busy manhood he superintended the construction of more than 2,500 miles of railway, and thought out every thing connected with the iron highways-engineering lines extending in unbroken series from London to Edinburgh.

OPTICAL TELEGRAPH.—A Polish physician at Kalafat has made a curious and important discovery of a species of camera, or optical telegraph, by which a perfect reconnoisance could be effected at an incredible distance. It could be used on horseback, and the Turks had as many as four hundred persons employed in this way about them.

Poison.—The Providence Journal says, that "the elegant and highly polished enamel on visiting cards is composed in part of highly poisonous mineral substances, and if eaten would produce serious sickness. The manufacture of this card paper is said to be exceedingly unhealthy." Think of the ladies carrying around poison with them in their calls! How doubly dangerous they must be!

THE SALT LAKE OF UTAH.—Experiments have been made upon the properties of the water of Salt Lake, Utah, for preserving meat, by Mr. Stansbury and his associates. A large piece of beef was suspended from a cord and immersed in the lake for over twelve hours, when it was found to be tolerably well cured. After this, all the meat they wished to be preserved was packed into barrels without any salt whatever, and the vessels were then filled with lake water. No further care or preparation was necessary, and the meat remained perfectly sweet, although constantly exposed to the atmosphere and sun. They were obliged to mix fresh water with the brine to prevent the meat becoming too salt for present use.

Large Buildings.—St. Peter's Church, Rome, will accommodate 54,000 persons; Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul's, Rome, 32,000; St. Paul's, London, 25,000; St. Petronia, Bologna, 24,000; St. Sophia's, Constantinople, 25,000; Florence Cathedral, 24,000; Notre Dame, 21,000.

SUGAR.—Mr. Champonnier, in his statement of the sugar crop made in Louisiana in 1852-54, says: "The number of sugar-houses in operation during the late crop was 1,437; of these, 956 were worked by steam power, and 481 by animal power; and their produce amounted to 449,324 hogsheads, estimated at 495,158,000 pounds. Of the whole number of hogsheads made, 866,667 were of brown sugar, made by the old process, and the remaining 82,657 hogsheads of refined, clarified, etc., including cistern bottoms.

Titerary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

METHODIST HYMNS.-It is not necessary, at this day, to speak of the literary character of the new edition of our Hymn-Book. A verdict of entire and hearty approval has already been given. But we have before us a copy which claims attention for the style in which it has been gotten up. It is printed on superfine paper, gilt, and bound in the finest silk velvet, with border and clasp, and also a shield on the side upon which "hymns" is engraven. The copy before us is an 18mo., and on referring to the Book Catalogue, we find its retail price is \$5. We perceive also that the Agents have got up a 24mo. edition in the same style for \$4, and a 72mo. for \$3. We pronounce this edition of our Hymn-Book a really splendid affair. As a "gift book"-and the gift book season is rapidly approaching-it has no superior. Albeit, we may confess that "the book before us" is not our book, but is the personal property of our "better half," being a remembrancer from a Christian friend in New York; and our notice, therefore, is quite gratuitous. But so charming a volume we would like to help circulate. To every young gentleman having a female friend of taste and refinement connected with our Church, we would suggest that a copy of this beautiful edition of our Hymn-Book would make a most acceptable remembrancer. We hope all lovers of the pure and the beautiful will aid in giving wide circulation to this contribution to taste and beauty.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT METHODIST MINISTERS, edited by Rev. Dr. M'Clintock and published by the Book Concern, is a large 8vo. volume, bound in superb style. A new edition, bound in morocco, gilt, beveled sides, has been issued at \$5 per copy. The original edition sells at \$3.50. It is not only a book of universal interest, so far as its matter is concerned, but as a specimen of mechanical art—as a book for the parlor-table—it is really superb.

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Vara; or, the Child of Adoption. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1854. 12mo. 316 pages. For sale by Moore, Anderson & Co., Cincinnati.—This is a religious tale, containing some choice pictures of actual life—many of them, it must be confessed, far less flattering than true. The heroine is the daughter of a missionary in one of the Pacific islands, who was sent by her parents to this country, and adopted by a family, pledged to see to her education. Fashionable life and fashionable religion receive some severe thrusts at the hands of the author. Into the narrative, which is kept up with unabated interest, are wrought some very sensible and suggestive views of practical life, religion, and religious character, and missionary life and labors.

THE CRITICAL WRITINGS OF THOMAS NOON TALFOURD—late Justice of Court of Common Pleas, London—with a finely engraved portrait. Svo. 176 double pages.—Contents: Essays on British Novels and Romances, introductory to a series of Criticisms on the Living Novelists—Mackenzie, the author of Wa-

verly, Godwin, Maturin-Rymer on Tragedy-Colley Cibber's Apology for his life-John Dennis's Works-Modern Periodical Literature-On the Genius and Writings of Wordsworth-North's Life of Lord Guilford-Hazlitt's Lectures on the Drama-Wallace's Prospects of Mankind, Nature, and Providence-On Pulpit Oratory-Recollections of Lisbon-Floyd's Poems-Mr. Oldaker on Modern Improvements-A Chapter on Time-On the Profession of the Bar-The Wine Cellar-Destruction of the Brunswick Theater by Fire-First Appearance of Miss Fanny Kemble-On the Intellectual Character of the late Wm. Hazlitt. Most of these papers were originally written for English periodicals; but they have outlived their ephemeral issue, and are now enshrined among the classics of the language. If this volume can not add to the literary fame of the author of "Ion," it may at least co-operate in perpetuating the fame that already attaches itself to his name. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. For sale by Watson & Sargeant, Cincinnati.

THE RECREATIONS OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH-Professor Wilson. 8vo. 807 pages. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co .- These "Recreations" are about all sorts of things, and show the immense versatility of the mind that produced them. In vigor of fancy, power of invention, and grace and force of expression, Professor Wilson had few equals, perhaps no superiors. His large heart and broad, comprehensive views, the searching eye which enabled its owner to measure talent as unerringly as a craftsman takes the dimensions of a plank, his vast learning, the delicacy of his perception, his ready wit, the fullness of his mental attribute, the richness of his fancy, his natural intrepidity, and his strong command of language, all united to render him a man of great intellectual power. The present volume contains, in addition to the author's well-known recreations, the essays and miscellanies which he from time to time contributed to the magazine of which he was for so many years the editor, together with a mezzotint fulllength likeness of "Christopher" in his sporting guise. Watson & Sargeant, 169 Main-street, Cincinnati.

MABEL GRANT, a Highland Story, by R. H. Ballantyne. 850 pages. 16mo. Robert Carter & Brothers, New York.—We have not found time to form a personal acquaintance with Mabel Grant; but we like her appearance; and the young readers in our family have rendered a decided verdict in her favor. For sale by Moore, Anderson & Co., Cincinnati.

From Messrs. Carlton & Phillips, 200 Mulberrystreet, New York, we have received the following publications:

LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF A CONVERTED INFIDEL.— The author, Rev. John Scarlett, of the New Jersey conference, was once a skeptic in religion, and associated with skeptics. This work details his experience and observations as an infidel, also his conversion, call to the ministry, etc. 18mo. 274 pages. RICHARD WILLIAMS, Surgeon: Catechist to the Patagonian Missionary Society of Terra del Fuego. By James Hamilton, D. D.—This is a sad history of suffering and early death. Whoever reads it will feel that the spirit of martyrdom has not yet forsaken the Church. 16mo. 270 pages.

YOUTH'S MONITOR, Vol. III, contains a great variety of well-written articles for girls and boys. 18mo.

288 pages.

THE GREEK AND EASTERN CHURCHES; their origin, progress, doctrines, ceremonies, worthies, heretics, sectaries, and relations to Protestantism. 18mo. 220 pages.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT contains an account of Macedonia, the early life of Alexander, his accession to the throne, his conquests, and his last days. 18mo. 208 pages.

SWITZERLAND, historical and descriptive, in ten chapters. 18mo. 214 pages.

Successful Men of Modern Times is divided into eight chapters, and contains an account of a great variety of successful men. 18mo. 207 pages.

REMARKABLE ESCAPES FROM PERIL contains a large number of signal and providential deliverances. We are a little surprised to find "Thomas Paine" classed, in this generally excellent book, with "men who eventually became eminent for piety and for useful-

ness." 18mo. 171 pages.

A DEFENSE OF THE ECLIPSE OF FAITH. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1854. 12mo. 208 pages. For sale by Moore, Anderson & Co., Cincinnati.—It seems that the "Eclipse of Faith" was very offensive to Mr. Newman, whose new-fangled scheme of infidelity it so scorchingly assailed. The professor did not fancy the hand that applied the torch to his house of straw. Hence he wrote what he called a "reply" to the offensive work in question. He also wrote another chapter for his "Phases of Faith," directly attacking the perfection of the character of Jesus. These productions summoned the author of the "Eclipse" into the field of controversy anew; and he has given the public another production, in which, while defending himself, he holds up with rare ability Mr. Newman's system to the deserved scorn of the world. If Mr. Newman's assurance is not equal to his unbelief, he will hardly attempt a second "reply." The volume before us contains Mr. Newman's reply; his chapter on the character of Christ, as well as the "Defense" of the "Eclipse of Faith."

The Preservation of Health. By John C. Warren, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1854. 18mo. 140 pages.—This little book is worthy of a wide circulation. Millions might be benefited by its perusal. We give a section on the "Effect of Liquid on Indigestion:" "Both reasoning and observation have plainly shown, that, while any considerable quantity of liquid remains in the stomach, the gastric fluid is too much diluted to accomplish the solution of the food.

"From the facts above mentioned we consider it to be established, that the taking of quantities of liquid at the same time with solid food does not promote the digestive process, but interferes with and suspends it. Hence the swallowing of large quantities of fluid of any description, such as wine, coffee, tea, or even water, is not consistent with a healthy and speedy digestion. The distinguished Professor Silliman, among other valuable suggestions in a letter addressed to me on this subject, has made the inquiry, whether water may not be converted into nutriment, and whether this fluid is not necessary to preserve the due pliability of the body. To this it may be answered, that water may no doubt be converted into nutriment, as it has been established by many facts, that, in persons deprived of food, life can be maintained longer by the use of water than without it. Water has another use under these circumstances-that of filling the blood-vessels, and thus keeping up the action of the heart. Moreover, it has been stated that the moderate and seasonable use of fluids is not intended to be proscribed, and that a large proportion of fluid is contained in all the solid we employ for food. The practice of drinking at our meals is so universal as to make it appear like a second nature; but it is, in fact, contrary to nature. Animals do not drink at the time they eat, but some hours after; and they generally take very small quantities of liquid compared with that which is used by man. The savage, in his native wilds, takes his solid food, when he can obtain it, to satiety, reposes afterward, and then, resuming his chase through the forest, stops at the rivulet to allay his thirst.

"The disadvantage of taking a large quantity of liquid must be obvious when it is considered that the digesting liquid is diluted and weakened in proportion to the quantity of drink. Children, especially, are much mismanaged in this particular. We begin at an early period of life to drench the stomach of a child with large quantities of milk and water, of simple water, or of some other liquid. The poor child suffers from distention of the stomach, and, complaining frequently, the mother supposes it to be hungry, and drenches it with additional drink till it can take no more. If the child still continues to suffer, she presumes it may be affected with worms, and many violent purges are given to destroy these supposed invaders. The digestive apparatus is thus weakened still more; chyle is imperfectly formed, the blood itself hence becomes weak and impure, and in this way the seeds of scrofula may be devel-

oped."

MARTIN MERRIVALE, his is mark. By Paul Creyton. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. For sale by Wateon & Sargeant, 169 Main-street, Cincinnati.—
This is number one of a serial issue of a new work by a popular author. Paul Creyton is a decided favorite with the "young folks" all over the country. This work opens with the same genial humor, and is graced with the same life-like portraits that give interest to the pages of "Father Brighthopes" and "Burcliff."

THE PULPIT AND POLITICS is the title to a discourse preached in the College Chapel of the Ohio Wesleyan University, April 23, 1854, by the President, Dr. Edward Thomson. It is deserving of a wide circulation in the community, and is marked by that terseness of thought and clearness and beauty of style so characteristic of the Doctor. It is shown, very conclusively, in the course of the discourse, that there are times and occasions when preachers should speak in regard to political as well as religious matters.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

Love.—Love is the diamond among the jewels of the believer's breastplate. The other graces shine like the precious stones of nature, with their own peculiar luster and various hues; but the diamond is white, uniting all the others.

ELOQUENT, BUT INARTICULATE .- A little while ago we passed a half-hour in a village graveyard, reading the inscriptions on those tables of the law of "dust to dust." Upon one of them, carved in marble, was a chain. Of the nine links composing it, one was broken. How legible the characters! How intelligible the language! In that family there were nine once-a beautiful chain of affection, richer than gold, but death had unloosed one link, and the broken jewelry of the hearth and the heart had glittered with the dews distilled from loving eyes. Broken jewelry! How many such trinkets of memory and affection there are in the homes of the world-souvenirs, whose possession should render humanity hallowed. Grief makes sacred those upon whom its hand is laid. Joy may elevate, ambition glorify, but sorrow alone can consecrate.

BE PROMPT.—"How do you accomplish so much in so short a space of time?" said a friend to Sir Walter Raleigh. "When I have any thing to do, I go and do it." was the reply.

EDWARD PAYSON.—Payson, on his dying bed, said to his daughter, "You will avoid much pain and anxiety, if you will learn to trust all your concerns in God's hands. 'Cast all your cares on him, for he careth for you.' But if you merely go and say that you cast your care upon him, you will come away with the load on your shoulders."

APPLICTION.—When the flail of affliction is upon me, let me not be the chaff that flies in thy face, but let me be the corn that lies at thy feet.

What to Preach About.—"What shall I preach about?" inquired a clergyman, on a visit to a neighboring pastor, as they sat together in the pulpit. "Are the people who are here to-day principally professors or non-professors?" "Preach the Gospel," was the reply; "they are all sinners, and they need it."

PORTUGUESE CUSTOM .- There are some odd customs in Portugal. The females never stand in church; there are no seats nor pews, and if tired of kneeling, they "squat," in the eastern fashion, on the bare pavement. Smoking is allowed in their opera houses, which is pervaded by clouds of tobacco smoke, even when the queen is present. If a house is to be let, a sheet of plain white paper is wafered on the window. Barbers display two bits of green cloth at the window or door. A branch of laurel denotes a tavern. Women will ride with their left sides to the horses. Tailors sit cobbler-wise to work. The survivors do not follow at a funeral, but remain at home in a darkened chamber for eight days, receiving visits of condolence, which merely consist of a silent advance to the chief mourner, a profound bow, perhaps a seat for a short time, and then a quiet leave. The poor are buried without coffins. Those of the richer classes have a lock and key; and it is the custom to give this key to the chief mourner, who generally has lime thrown in before interment. By a law passed in 1833 city burial is prohibited. When indigent parents can not afford to pay for an infant's funeral, the corps is exposed to attract the attention of some charitable person who will bury it, and a plate or pan is sometimes attached to receive subscriptions for defraying the expenses.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.—A recent traveler gives an account that, when he was walking on the beach in Brazil, he overtook a colored woman with a tray on her head. Being asked what she had to sell, she lowered the tray, and with reverent tenderness uncovered it. It was the lifeless form of her babe, covered by a neat white robe, with a garland round the head, and flowers within the little hands, that lay clasped upon its bosom. "Is that your child?" said the traveler. "It was mine a few days ago," she replied, "but the Savior has it for his little angel now." "How beautifully you have laid it out!" said he. She added, cheerfully, "Ah! what is that to the bright wings it wears in heaven!"

A BLACK PUDDING.—A country-woman, who was very anxious to hear a certain clergyman preach, at some distance from her place of residence, put a black pudding into her bosom to serve as a refreshment. The clergyman, happening to preach on our darling sins, used the expression so often, "Pull them out of your bosom," that the woman, in a pet, pulled out the pudding, and threw it at him, saying, "There, tak it; what need for makin' a' this noise about a bit of black puddin'?"

BAD ORTHOGRAPHY.—A certain gentleman, not well skilled in orthography, requested his friend to send him too monkeys. The t not being distinctly written, the friend concluded his too was intended for 100. With difficulty he procured fifty, which he sent, adding, "The other fifty, agreeable to your order, will be forwarded as soon as possible."

Learned Divine.—The equivocality of many of the names of places in Scotland has given occasion to a very amusing saying regarding a clergyman: "He was born in the parish of Dull, brought up at the school of Dunse—quasi Dunce—and finally settled minister in the parish of Drone!"

REPROOF FROM THE PULPIT.—The Rev. Mr. Shirra, a most eccentric dissenting clergyman at Kirkaldy, could never endure to see any of his flock attend public worship in clothes that he thought too fine for their station in life. One Sunday afternoon, a young lass, who attended his meeting-house regularly, and was personally known to him, came in with a new bonnet of greater magnitude and more richly decorated than he thought befitted the wearer. He soon observed it; and, pausing in the middle of his discourse, said, "Leuk, [tell me,] ony o' ye that's near hand there, whether my wife be sleepin' or no, as I canna get a glint o' her for a' thae fine falderals about Jenny Bean's braw new bannet."

Rowland Hill.—The Rev. Rowland Hill, in a conversation on the powers of the letter H, where it was contended that it was no letter, but a simple aspiration or breathing, took the opposite side of the question, and insisted on its being, to all intents and purposes a letter; and concluded by observing that, if it were not, it was a very serious affair to him, as it would occasion his being ill all the days of his life.

DAVID GARRICK.-When Garrick was last at Paris, Preville invited him to his villa. Preville was reckoned the most accomplished comedian of the French theater. Garrick, being in a very gay humor, proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that go to Versailles, on which road the villa of Preville lies. When they got in, he ordered the coachman to drive on, who answered that he would do so as soon as he got his complement of four passengers. A caprice immediately seized Garrick; he determined to give his brother player a specimen of art. While the coachman was attentively plying for passengers, Garrick slipped out of the door, went round the coach, and, by his wonderful command of countenance, palmed himself upon the coachman for a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted each time into the coach as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville. He whipped out a third time, and, addressing himself to the coachman, was answered, in a surly tone, "that he had already got his complement;" and he would have driven off without him, had not Preville called out that, as the stranger appeared a very little man, they would, to accommodate the gentleman, contrive to make room.

READY REJOINDER.—Lady Lane was presiding, one evening, at a social gathering, when her ruffles caught the fire of the candle. Lord Lyttleton, intending to be witty on the accident, said he did not think her ladyship so apt to take fire. "Nor am I, my lord, from such a spark as you."

Affectation of Geandeun.—Senecio was a man of turbid and confused wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty words and sentences, till this humor grew at last into so notorious a habit, or rather disease, as became the sport of the whole town; he would have no servants but huge, massy fellows; no plate or household stuff but thrice as big as the fashion; you may believe—for I speak it without raillery—his extravagance came at last into a madness, that he would not put on a pair of shoes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet; he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any fruit but horse-plums and pound-pears.—Seneca.

INFANTS.—Some admiring what motives to mirth infants meet with in their silent and solitary smiles, have resolved, how truly I know not, that they converse with angels; as, indeed, such can not among mortals find any fitter companions.—Fuller.

Suspicion.—Always to think the worst, I have ever found to be the mark of a mean spirit and a base soul.—Bolingbroke.

Brevity.—These are my thoughts; I might have spun them out to a greater length, but I think a little plot of ground, thick sown, is better than a great field, which, for the most part of it, lies fallow.—Norris.

MODERATION.—Fuller beautifully says of moderation, that "it is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues."

APPLICABLE TO IDLERS.—A most curious instance of a change of instinct is mentioned by Darwin. The bees carried over to Barbadoes and the western isles, ceased to lay up any honey after the first year; as they found it not useful to them. They found the weather so fine, and materials for making honey so plentiful, that they quitted their grave, prudent, and mercantile character, became exceedingly profligate and debauched, eat up their capital, resolved to work no more, and amused themselves by flying about the sugar-houses and stinging the blacks.—Sydney Smith.

UNANIMITY.—"We must be unanimous," said Hancock, on the occasion of signing the Declaration of Independence; "there must be no pulling different ways." "Yes," answered Franklin, "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

Success in Life.—Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping.— Guesses at Truth.

Powers of a Painter.—One day the Duke of Tuscany was amusing himself in seeing Cortone painting, who was representing a child crying. "I'll soon make him change his note," cried out the painter. He then gave a touch of his pencil, and the same child appeared laughing; again, by another stroke of the pencil, he represented him in his former state. "Thus, prince," said the artist, "you see how easy it is to make children either laugh or cry."

DEAN SWIFT.—Dean Swift was one day in company, when the conversation fell upon the antiquity of the family. The lady of the house expatiated a little too freely on her descent, observing that her ancestors' names began with De, and, of course, of ancient French extraction. When she had finished, "And now," said the Dean, "you will be so kind as to help me to a piece of that D'umpling."

ELOQUENCE.—Mr. Burke's colleague for Bristol, it would appear, was not remarkable as an orator. It is reported that, after Mr. Burke had delivered one of his best speeches at Bristol, Cruger rose up, and exclaimed, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke; I say ditto to Mr. Burke."

EXAGGERATION OUT-EXAGGERATED. — Nothing is more common than to make extravagant and improbable assertions, as if a rational conversation could not be supported by the marvelous. The best answer that can be made to such is, if possible, to exceed the absurdity. A gentleman was boasting, in company with Boursault, of his very strong sight, and, just at the moment, looking through the window, said, "I can discern from hence a mouse on the top of that high tower." "I do not see it," answered Boursault, "but I hear it running."

FASHION CHANGEABLE.—A gentleman, who had been desired by his wife to make a purchase for her at a milliner's, being requested by a friend on his return to call in, begged to be excused from stopping, as he had bought a bonnet for his wife, and was afraid the fashion would alter before he got home.

Editor's Table.

THE MONTH.-July in a large city is a month of heat, of discomfort, of dust, and of sunshine. One can scarcely get a breath of air unmixed with the powder ground from the pavements or the streets. Children, poor, little children, we have seen them, one, two, and three years old, sweltering in some dirty, close house, or dirtier street and alley, longing for a place where they could frolic, or a spot of ground where they could stretch their little limbs, and take a run and tumble on the grass. We have a wee bit of a boy-his mother calls him Willie-who is just beginning to toddle about. He is fond of fresh air. He knows, however, precious little of woods, and fields, and daisied meads, and hill-sides "pictured o'er with flowers." Every morning when he wakes up, and is properly dressed, and after his "inward man" has been refreshed by mashed potatoes and bread and milk, he gets his hat on, and then looks up ours, crying all the while at the top of his voice, "By-by, by-by; baby go by-by." And we do go by-by, such as it is. Down a pair of steps and into the street, up and down the pavement, and up and down again, and back up the steps again, the father and his son tramp; and then when the latter is given back to his mother, he cries for a continuation of the exercise. At noon and at night there is the same wee Willie waiting for a chance to take another by-by. We have a relative living in the green country, from the smoke and dust of the city far away. He has a family of three or four little ones; but they have green pastures and wellsmoothed lawns instead of hot pavements to walk on. We have more than once wished we had the same pure air, and the same green walks, and the same bright and beautiful arched sky for our little fellow to enjoy. But our wishing is vain, and we try to be resigned. Ye who have the country air, seek not the crowded city for your home. Health and happiness belong to the forests and to the fields; corroding care and wasting health to the wilderness of dwellings in the great city.

THE DYING YOUNG LADY .- We have spent not a little time in conning the pages of a late English work, republished in this country, and known by the title of "Struggles for Life; or, the Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister." The book is a book, and the author, whoever he be, knows how much ink to take in his pen, and how to use that pen when he has the ink in it. We have alternately laughed and wept, sorrowed and rejoiced, as we have turned the leaves of the volume over. When fifteen years of age, having his aged parents to care for, our author hired himself out as a clerk to a man who loved a good dinner and was possessed of a tolerably fair temper. His wife was just the opposite. She took every opportunity to impose upon her husband's young clerk, and she made him do all manner of mean work about the house and in the barnyard. At last our hero heard of another situation, and determined to go to it. There was but one thing that made him hesitate. His employer's eldest daughter

had long been ill, and was likely to die, and she had often interceded with her mother not to make such a slave of the young man. But we will let the narrator tell the incident for himself:

"I was asked to go up stairs and see Ann. She was the eldest daughter, a beautiful and amiable girl of fifteen, rapidly sinking under fell consumption. In fine days I had frequently helped her to walk a little in the garden. O, how I wished for strength to that fragile form! How thankfully she received every little attention or act of kindness I showed to her, I well remember; and I believe I should have left the house months before, but for the knowledge that Ann esteemed me, and felt deeply grieved at her mother's conduct toward me. Dear, gentle Ann! There she lay on the sofa, almost gasping for breath, with the fatal tint upon her face, and her thin white fingers resting upon an open book. Her lips trembled as I entered. I went close to her. She whispered, 'Is it-really-true? Are you going to-toleave us?

"'No, Miss Rolf, not till you are better.'

"She opened her blue eyes, whose supernatural brilliance made me tremble for a moment, and looking earnestly in my face pronounced the word 'Better?' very slowly.

"'Yes, Miss Rolf,' I said, 'I certainly will not.'
"'But,' she whispered, 'I shall not recover. I am—dying. I am—going—to—my—Redeemer.'

"After a short silence, I said, 'Which is far better.'
"She gently pressed my hand with her white fingers, and said, 'Thank you; this is kind, very kind.
May you—be—happy!

"I kept my word; in ten days after that she was better. The gentle spirit had gone to a holier region than that of earth. I wept over her grave, though there was nothing there but the broken casket; the

gem was reset elsewhere. Dear Ann!"

A PREACHER'S DIFFICULTIES AND PROSPECTS .clerical friend of ours who has seen considerable of mankind details his experience to us thus wise: "I love the Scriptures, and I love to read them, and to try to preach from them. There are many comforting, many beautiful passages in God's word, and my spirit, sometimes pressed, sometimes crushed into the earth, is lifted up when I read that word. Just now there is a fine text comes to me, which reads, I think, about as follows: 'If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.' This is to the point. It shows that the preacher must live an active life. It goes on the ground that there is no such thing as a lazy Christian. And this is right. The man who bears the title of husband and father, and who professes the Christian name, but who loves not his wife and children, is a hypocrite. Christianity purifies and strengthens love, and love for one's own makes the heart and soul active in their behalf. But when a preacher would do for his family better things than he has done, and has not the means to gratify his wishes, what is to be

done? A mechanic might do a variety of things under the circumstances. He might work extra hours or hire out to extra jobs, and wear patched pantaloons, a torn coat, and a crownless hat. But could a preacher do this? Would it do for him to engage in some worldly business? Yes, if he desires to lose caste and wants to be called a speculator; if he can stand the contempt of worldly witlings, the cold looks of the well-to-do brethren, the sneers of the squire and the doctor, and the jealousy of those who are engaged in the same business he has adopted. Himself and his wife and children must be respectably dressed, or his influence will decline, and her reputation as a housekeeper will also go by the board. I know what it is to eat potatoes for dinner, and have unbuttered bread and water, and so does my wife know. I have left undone my work in my study and gone to work with my hands and head for other people. I once tried to teach a year's school and to preach at the same time. It was a losing concern to both me and my people. They got poor sermons and I got my health sadly shattered. I sometimes cast about and see how comfortable it is to be 'well off,' to have a snug, permanent home, which is every year increasing in value, to have a little stock in bank or railroad, to have one's cribs and larder full, to have a chance of buying this and that new thing, and to taking this and the other little jaunt, to be able to buy any desired new book that is published, and to send my children to any school or college which my judgment dictates best. I say I sometimes see these things, and if I did not, by the eye of an undimmed faith, see other things in the world beyond this vale of changes, my spirits would hang down. The heart set on the country afar off has courage to forego the pleasures and to bear up under the toils of this. Let the summer's sun laugh upon me, or the winter's wind howl around, my way is over the seathe sea whose soundings are fathomless as eternity's waters-my bark may glide smoothly or be rocked by billows. To me it little matters which; for there is One at the helm, and He will direct my course aright. The expanse before me is wide and unknown; but there is a star that throws its rays of silver around. Begone my fears! The faithful and true Witness has promised to bring me to the desired haven. It is enough.

There safely moored—my perils o'er, I'll sing first in night's diadem, Forever and for evermore, The star—the star of Bethlehem."

ALL SORYS OF FISH.—The chaplain of the Cincinnati House of Refuge, Rev. H. Bushnell, is a man of years, diminutive stature, and poor eyesight, but his years are years of wisdom, and his whole mental nature is replete with vigor and power. We frequently avail ourselves of the privilege of hearing him—our friend, Dr. Ray, of the Woodward High School being President of the Board of Directors, and always being ready to put us in possession of a seat in his carriage when we wish to go out. Not long since Mr. Bushnell had occasion, in one of his discourses, to dwell on the fact that there were many bad men and hypocrites in the Church. "Thia," said he to his juvenile auditory, "has probably stumbled you. It used to stumble me; but when I be-

came, by careful reading, acquainted with the doctrines and teachings of the Bible, I got the block of stumbling out of my way. I read about the net being cast into the sea and catching all sorts of fish; and when I saw how this was, I saw also how the Gospel net was fitted to catch, or, rather, to be filled by men of the true life and men of bad life. When once the net is pulled ashore, the good and bad fish are separated. And so, when, in the day of judgment, the great Fisher of souls comes to make an examination of the contents of the Gospel net, he will separate the good from the evil, taking the one to himself and destroying the others with unquenchable fire."

GONE HOME .- One beautiful Sabbath in April last we were called upon to fill the pulpit of Raper Chapel, Cincinnati, the pastor of the Church having been compelled temporarily to be absent. There was in the congregation a mother and her little son-an only child-a light-haired and bright-eyed boy of over four years. His name was John L. D .- He listened for a little while to our talking, and then telling his mother he could not hear, he leaned his head upon her breast and fell asleep. Little Johnnythree weeks after he forgot to hear this world's bustle and fell asleep in death. He talked often with his father and his mother about the good land, a great way off, and at last, when the messenger came knocking at the door for him and would not leave, little Johnny kissed his mother and went home. Home! thou mother of the bleeding heart, there is a home for the suffering and the weary in the land whose ruler is the King of heaven. Weep in thy deep sorrow. There is a luxury in the tears coursing down your cheek. Weep, for the day is coming when thy tears will cease and others will shed tears over thee. But weep in hope. Better is thy dear one in his new home than ever he could be in this world; and though dark is thy dwelling here and full of sorrow thy heart, trust to him "who doeth all things well." The sun is sinking, as we write, in the west, scattering its rays of gold over the hill-tops and along the valleys, and across the mounds of the cemetery yonder. Soon they will have disappeared and the mantle of darkness will be resting over all. Let us so live that our sun may sink in glory, and we awake in the land where darkness comes not at all, and where the light of the Lamb shall be our joy for-

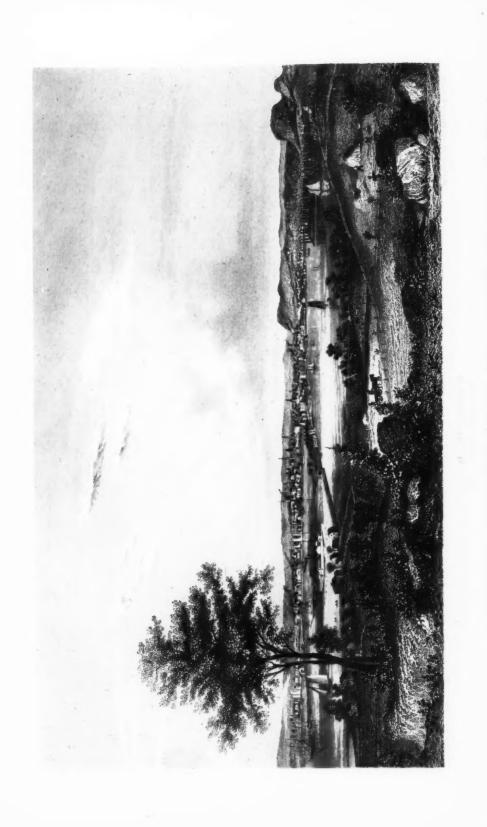
The absence of the editor in the east during the time of making up and writing out the editorial of this number is the apology which the assistant offers the Repository readers for any lack of spirit and variety that may be discovered. A change, though not always for the better, may sometimes prove of essential service to those suffering it, and the consolation is ever at hand, that after the night cometh the dawn, and after the cloud, however dark, there streams from the firmament above the calm and glorious sunlight.

Our Engravinos, Music Hath Charms and New Bedford, are able to speak for themselves, our lack of space preventing us saying any thing special for them. They are good engravings, and of the truth of this declaration the reader can readily satisfy himself by a patient and careful examination.

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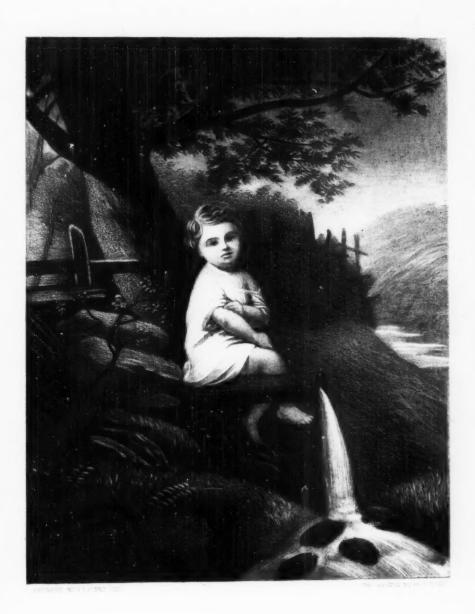
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